

A full-page photograph of a jockey riding a dark brown horse during a race. The jockey is wearing a yellow helmet, goggles, and a white and yellow silks with the number 5. The horse is in motion, with its head turned slightly to the right. The background is a blurred green field and a crowd of spectators.


Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 8, 1961

25 CENTS

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Next week

The powers of the Big Ten battle for a trip to the Rose Bowl. Two crucial games, Iowa vs. Ohio State and Minnesota vs. Michigan State, are covered in words and color.

A 66-year-old left-handed surgeon from Dallas is, surprisingly, still an active polo player and, even more surprisingly, still a first-class one. Meet the lovely Dr. Roweth Williams.

In December Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson fights unknown Tom McNeely. Martin Kane describes his good points (a violent nature) and bad points (no punch).



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Lufthansa Jet cabin instructor Frommke explains the subtleties of an extra-dry martini.

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POINT OF FACT

A National Football League quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of fans and armchair experts

7 When was the National Football League organized?

• In 1920, but it was then called the American Professional Football Association. The present name was adopted in 1922.

7 What is the longest-continuing rivalry in the NFL?

• That between the Green Bay Packers, the only team during all the way back to the first official standings in 1921, and the Chicago Bears, who moved to Chicago from Decatur, Ill. in 1922. In 84 meetings, from 1921 through 1960, the Bears have won 50, Packers 28, and there have been six ties.

7 In 16 seasons with the Washington Redskins, Sammy Baugh completed 1,709 passes, a league record. Who is closest to Baugh's record?

• Bobby Layne of the Pittsburgh Steelers, now in his 14th season, had 1,623 completions at the end of 1960. Layne, however, has already attempted more passes than Baugh (1,318, for a 48.9% completion average). Baugh threw 3,016 passes for a 56.7% completion average.

7 The two men who rank fourth and fifth among all-time NFL passers are still active, and are on the same team. Who are they?

• Y. A. Tittle (1,387 completions) and Charley Conerly (1,374), both members of the N.Y. Giants

continued

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED NOVEMBER 6, 1961



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POINT OF FACT—continued

? What player scored the most points in one game?

• On Nov. 28, 1929 Ernie Nevers of the Chicago Cardinals made six touchdowns and kicked four extra points to score all of the Cardinals' points in a 40-6 victory over the Chicago Bears.

? Don Hutson is far and away the outstanding pass receiver in NFL history, with 489 receptions in 11 seasons with Green Bay. What are some of Hutson's other pass-catching records?

• A career high of 308 touchdown passes caught, a season high (in 1942) of 17 touchdown passes caught (tied in 1951 by Elroy Hirsch of the Los Angeles Rams) and a career total of 8,040 yards gained catching passes.

? Hutson also led the NFL eight seasons as a pass receiver. Has anyone led the league this many times in any other department?

• No, Sammy Baugh was the NFL's top passer six times; Philadelphia's Steve Van Buren and Cleveland's Jim Brown each won the rushing title four times; and Cleveland's Lou Groza kicked the most field goals five times. Scoring crowns? Hutson again, with five titles, all in a row, from 1940-44.

? Who passed the most yards rushing in a) career, b) season, c) one game?

• a) Joe Perry of the Baltimore Colts gained 7,246 yards in 11 seasons with the San Francisco 49ers (he averaged five yards per carry); b) Jim Brown of the Cleveland Browns gained 1,527 yards in 1958, averaging 5.9 yards a try; c) Brown also holds the single-game high of 237 yards (7.6 yards per try) vs. L.A. in 1957.

? The 1950 Los Angeles Rams set a league offensive record of 466 points in one season. What team gave up the fewest points in a season?

• The New York Giants yielded only 20 points during a 13-game season in 1927.

? What team had the longest winning streak?

• The Chicago Bears twice won 18 games in a row. The first winning streak (1933-34) was ended in the 1934 playoff by the N.Y. Giants, 30-13. A championship playoff also ended the Bears' second streak (1941-42) when Washington beat them, 14-6.

? What team holds the record for the most yards penalized in a season?

• The Chicago Bears forfeited 1,107 yards in 1951. Their rough play did them little good—they finished fourth.

? Who was the first player selected in the player draft?

• Jay Berwanger, the All-America halfback from the University of Chicago and the first Heisman Trophy winner, was chosen by Philadelphia in the first NFL draft on Feb. 8, 1936.

? What team intercepted the most passes in one season?

• The 1943 Green Bay Packers picked off 42 of 242 passes, and the 1951 N.Y. Giants intercepted 41 of 377. The 1943 Packers also hold the single-game high of nine interceptions, against Detroit.

? Has anyone ever caught his own pass?

• Yes. John Unitas of the Baltimore Colts ran one yard in 1956, Y. A. Tittle, then of the San Francisco 49ers, for four yards in 1959, and the Cleveland Browns' Milt Plum, for 29 yards in 1959.

? Who has the best punting average for one season?

• Sammy Baugh punted 35 times in 1940 and averaged 51.4 yards per kick.

? Who played the most number of years in the NFL?

• Sammy Baugh put in 16 years, all with Washington. John McNally played 15 years for various teams from 1925-39, and Mel Hein was in center for the N.Y. Giants for 15 years from 1931-45.

? Washington's Frank Fitchback passed to Andy Finkas in 1939 for the longest touchdown play in league history—99 yards. What is the shortest TD pass ever thrown?

• Two inches by Dallas' Eddie LeBaron to Dick Beltski in 1960.

? Who has thrown the most TD passes?

• Sammy Baugh, of course. But his total of 187, like his total-completion mark, is likely to be broken by Bobby Layne, who has 176. Charley Cooley is next with 166.

Continued

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POINT OF FACT *continued*

? *Who is the highest scorer in NFL history?*

• Don Hutson, whose total of 825 points is 83 better than Cleveland's field-goal ace, Lou Groza, who came out of retirement to start his 11th season this year.

? *Best Receiver's 36-yard field goal for Baltimore in 1953 is the longest-scoring place kick in NFL history. Who made the longest drop kick?*

• Paddy Driscoll of the Chicago Cards drop-kicked two 50-yard field goals, one in 1924, the other in 1925. Wilbur Henry of the Canton Bulldogs booted a 50-yarder in 1922.

? *Who has kicked the most field goals in a) one game, b) one season?*

• Bob Waterfield kicked five in one game for Los Angeles in 1951, and Ernie Nevers did the same for Duluth in 1926. Cleveland's Lou Groza set the one-season record of 23 field goals in 1953.

? *What player scored the most points in one quarter?*

• Don Hutson, with 29 points against Detroit in 1945. He caught four passes for four touchdowns and kicked five extra points.

? *What are the most points a team has scored in a regular season game?*

• The Los Angeles Rams defeated Baltimore, 70-27 in 1950. The same Baltimore team, incidentally, gave up 462 points during the season, also a league record.

? *What team gained the most yards in one game?*

• The 1951 L. A. Rams gained 735 yards (181 rushing and a record 554 yards passing) against the N.Y. Yanks.

? *Has a team ever played a full game without making a first down?*

• Yes. This has happened six times in league history and twice to the same team, the N.Y. Giants. Remarkably, the Giants won both those games, beating Green Bay 10-7 in 1933 and Washington 14-7 in 1942. The 1942 game was also the last time a team failed to make a first down.

—ARLIE W. SCHARDT

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Merle Wolverton farmer, Santa Ana, California—member of Council of California Growers.

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So long as he continues to enjoy that right, America will continue to be the best-fed nation on earth.

**Current History—Nov. 1960 p. 286*

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.

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Turf and Paddock says it will "purchase, sell, hire, assign, transfer, train, breed, raise and race Thoroughbred race horses throughout the United States on a year-round basis." It does not represent that its horses will win purses in stakes, allowance or claiming races. The company already owns 15 horses of which 12 have won purses.

So far Turf and Paddock, Inc. is licensed to race in the states of New Hampshire and Maryland. We suggest to state racing commissions that applications for licenses by corporations be carefully scrutinized. Corporations selling stock to the public (and keeping huge batches of it for their officers at 1¢ a share) could introduce an unsporting element into racing. Such a corporation someday might easily fall under control of a mob, which could thereupon get its hands on a dozen or so stables, racing to win or lose as it pleased. The proper way to meet this new threat to racing, and to protect the public, is for all racing commissions to keep a tight checkrein and a close watch on all corporate racing speculatively arrived at.

PERILOUS SPORT

Virgil Webster of Albuquerque has been awarded \$17,500 damages as a result of a ski accident. He was looking at outboard motors in a store when a water ski fell off a high display and hit him on the neck. If one is going to engage in sports, one must be aware of the dangers.

FAIR ENOUGH

Faced with another losing season, the 3,610 stockholders of the community-owned Vancouver Lions of the Canadian Football League (record for the year one win, two ties, 12 losses) have authorized

an inquiry. They have nominated eight men who in turn are to nominate three men who are to investigate the team's 24 directors whom the 3,610 stockholders elected in the first place.

FUMBLE BUMS AND GRIBBLE DUDS

In January the NCAA will vote on a plan to tighten up eligibility standards for college athletics, an action long overdue. The plan has many good points, but we are particularly pleased with those proposals that would help to make extinct the Fumble Bum and the Dribble Dud.

The Fumble Bum is usually found in midwestern or southwestern colleges, having migrated to them from other schools or having been neatly hidden for several semesters in those notable game preserves called junior colleges. The Fumble Bum sometimes makes three or four cross-country flights during his career and is always drawn to those training tables that have the thickest steaks (and gravy) to offer. He never (well, hardly ever) studies.

The Dribble Dud normally comes and goes as he pleases, is most visible at night and can often be spotted in clumps with gamblers or running at high speed from district attorneys. Both the Fumble Bum of football and the Dribble Dud of basketball are close relatives of the Tennis Bum (usually found in the thickets around Forest Hills) but no relation to the Ski Bum, who gropes for food, clothing and protection without hurting the general population. The Dribble Dud and the Fumble Bum have an uncanny perception that enables them to find their way to schools that are building strong teams on a foundation of weak morals.

The NCAA proposals would stop the Fumble Bums and Dribble Duds from participating in varsity sports for two years after committing themselves to one school and then flying the coop to another; would make an athlete expelled from one school for academic or disciplinary reasons sit out two years at his new school before participating in

varsity sports; and would make these birds sit in a cage of inactivity for one year when they transfer to another school. All hail.

SHORT SHRIFT

John Fulton Short, one of several Americans who recently have been seeking Ultimate Truth in the bull ring, made his first appearance in Madrid the other day. Madrid is to *la fiesta brava* what the Palace once was to vaudeville, and *toreros* fortunate enough to appear there usually are in their best clothes and on their best behavior. Not John Fulton Short.

Short wore a suit of lights of canary yellow, a color almost never seen in any bull ring (bad luck). He had it trimmed in silver, a metal usually reserved for *banderillas* (and Luis Miguel Dominguín, who makes his own fashions). But if Short's taste in clothes proved poor, in justice it must be said that his performance was worse. He drew the third and sixth bulls, both large, determined animals. The third he handled fairly well ("He had luck," said one critic). Ah, but



the sixth! Short set up the sixth bull with modest skill, then took the sword and began jabbing away. After 11 *pinchazos* (pinpricks made at a distance mutually safe for stabber and stabbed), Short managed two *estocadas*—deep sword thrusts that, unfortunately, failed to hit anything critical. By this time the crowd was whistling (Spanish for booing), and the bull, depressed but not destroyed, had lowered its head in shame.

Short exchanged his sword for a *descabello*, also a sword but one used for stabbing depressed bulls in the back of the neck. The crowd and the bull endured 10 jabs with the *descabello* (that's 23 altogether) before an official ordered a loud trumpet blast, meaning throw the bull out. They did, and somebody else killed the bull.

We think the crowd (and the officials)

continued



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SCORECARD

showed remarkable restraint. Five stabs should be out. In this case, the bull should have been awarded both of John Fulton Short's ears—and, possibly, his coconuts.

DUE AND PAYABLE

Bill Sharman, who performed so brilliantly for the Boston Celtics for years, earned \$3,400 as his winner's share in last season's National Basketball Association playoffs. Now the NBA refuses to pay him.

The reason for the NBA's welsh is its squabble with the new pro group started by Abe Saperstein—the American Basketball League. Just as happened in football when a new league opened shop, there are charges and countercharges of tampering, contract-jumping and refusals to honor options. Sharman was given permission by the Celtics to join the new league as coach of the Los Angeles Jets but not to play for them. He doesn't see why he shouldn't be allowed to play. But all of these matters will shortly (or longly) be settled in the courts, and they have nothing to do with the \$3,400. The National Basketball Association is merely harassing a working man by holding back. It should pay up—and grow up—pronto.

WHO DOY VOODOO?

There comes a time for even Palmer and Sneed and Hogan when the devils have the last dance. Comes to you, comes to us. Came last week to Chuck Rotar, a 42-year-old professional out of Las Vegas, playing in the \$20,000 Orange County Open in Costa Mesa, Calif. Rotar had hit his first shot on the par-3, 205-yard 18th. He had a good lie on the top of a small hill right next to the green.

But by the time he reached the ball, it was gone. Seems a small earthquake had shaken it down the hill and into a lake. Chuck played a new ball, charged himself one penalty stroke, took four more flustered strokes, and finished with a nice, round 6. He wound up one stroke out of the money.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• The freshly minted American Basketball League may have immediate financial trouble with its Hawaii franchise, thanks to overscheduling. Hawaii will be the scene of 10 ABL games in 12 nights. The Hawaii Chiefs meet the Chicago Majors nightly from November 24

(Continued)



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Golfer

SCORECARD *continued*

to 28, rest on November 29 and 30 and then play the Washington Tapers from December 1 to 5.

- Heavyweight Cleveland Williams, 48 wins in 53 fights, is being considered for a spring or summer fight with Floyd Patterson. Patterson's manager, Gus D'Amato, is friendly toward Lou Visconti, Williams' manager and also one-time manager of Patterson victim Roy Harris of Cut and Shoot, Texas.

- Boston University and the University of Buffalo are pushing the formation of an eastern football league that would also include Boston College, Holy Cross, Colgate and possibly Villanova. Most of these teams already play one another and have commitments to do so for years to come.

SENSE OF VALUES

The man who invented basketball 70 years ago now turns up on a postage stamp. Dr. James A. Naismith, who died in 1939, would probably have wondered what all the excitement was about. He thought wrestling was better exercise than basketball and preferred to teach fencing when he was a physical education professor at the University of Kansas.

In 1908 Phog Allen told Naismith that he was going to coach a basketball team. The inventor of the game was astonished. "Why, basketball is just a game to play," Naismith said. "It doesn't need a coach." He was even more bewildered later when his friend Phog tossed around such phrases as "the stratified transitional zone defense with man-to-man option."

Naismith went to all Kansas basketball games but never raised his voice and seemed to watch with stolid indifference. Discussion of changes in basketball rules bored him. He felt that every basketball competitor was law-abiding, that fouls were unfortunate accidents, and that the game was merely a game and not the end of the world. We feel certain that if Naismith were alive today, he would mail his letters with the conventional Lincoln stamp rather than the new Naismith one.

WHAT PRICE ROMANCE?

It comes as a shock to learn from Britain that the lower animals do not fight over mates but only over territory and social status. Adolf Portmann, in a book entitled *Animals as Social Beings*, explodes the romance theory. Reptiles, insects, fishes, crabs and birds, he writes, value their home turf and will fight bitterly

continued

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SCORECARD continued

to keep it from marauders. Take the robin. For part of each year the cock robin stakes his claim to a small part of a garden, and the hen robin has her little area. During the breeding season they merge in a community-property arrangement, as in California.

If another cock robin comes into this engagement ring he's apt to have his block knocked off by the master, while the female looks on admiringly. Because he is defending his own territory, the husband usually wins, and his mate stays with him. But he wasn't fighting for her in the first place, Portmann points out. She is already his and will stick with him, win or lose.

We admire Mr. Portmann's scientific skill in discovering these facts, but we wonder if he realizes he has taken a lot of the zing out of bird watching.

THEY SAID IT

- Norm Cash, Detroit first baseman and American League batting champion: "We're like cattle—get fat and they trade you off."
- Tom Nugent, Maryland football coach, describing his team's rain-soaked loss to North Carolina: "It was so muddy that when I went to congratulate the Carolina players, I discovered they were mine."
- Rudy Maris, older brother of Roger, telling about people who like to touch the lion's skin or get his autograph: "These old ladies—they're the worst. They come up behind him, look around, then reach out and touch his back, and then pull their hands back real quick."

A METHOD OF GETTING EVEN

Sammy Millbanks, a 29-year-old jockey currently riding in England, last week continued serenely on with his record of 150 consecutive losers. "Unlucky?" he said. "Not a bit. I am lucky, really, because I don't let a thing like this worry me. I get paid just the same and I take everything as it comes."

For jockey-system players, however, things are not coming easily. Under the popular system of betting on jockeys wherein the \$2 bettor keeps doubling his bets until the jockey finally wins, Millbanks' backers this week must step right up to the mutual wickets and plunk down roughly one quattuordecillion, 430 tredecillion dollars, or \$1,430,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.

END

Up? Leave it up to the French!



Telécabine—A kind of cozy space capsule, holding 2 to 4 skiers. Stops obligingly for each party to get on and off. At Chamonix, Megève, Courchevel, Menibel, Villard-de-Lans, Serre-Chevalier, Les Contamines and Tignes.



Télésiège—An airborne bus. Large, congenial, holds 20 to 60. Just one major stop for loading and unloading at each end. At Chamonix, Les Houches, Saint-Gervais, Megève, Val d'Isère, Courchevel, Alpe d'Huez, Auron.



Télécabine (open)—The main cable never stops moving. You step on and off your private, mountain-view balcony as it sails slowly by. At Morzine, Samoëns, Courchevel, Menibel, Valloire, Auron, Motabief, Superbagnères.



Télécabine (closed)—A clever new type. Each cabin gets shunted off the constantly moving cable, so you can climb in and out in your own sweet time, without holding up everyone else. At Chamonix, Montgenèvre and others.



Télésiège—A spectacular seat in the sky for 1 or 2. Outdoorsy, breezy, scenically thrilling. You climb on as the seat goes slowly by. At Chamonix, Alpe d'Huez, Châtel, Les Contamines, Les Gets, Superbagnères and others.



Télésiège—Two winter sports in one! You get hauled uphill on a huge sled with 15-20 others—come down on your skis. Slower than the midair-dangling devices, but fine if you like solid ground under your feet. At Morzine.



Télésiège—Also called Remonte-Pente (Slope-Climber). Anything that pulls you uphill on your skis, including your old friends the 2-bar, T-bar, platter pull and rope tow. Télésièges abound at every angle ski resort in France.



Crémaillère—A real cog railway on real rails. A "Funiculaire" also runs on rails, the weight of the down-going car pulling the up-going car up. At Saint-Gervais, Chamonix, Bagnères, Superbagnères, Le Mont-Dore and Auron.



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3 real blades
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1. THE MAN: Interviewer stops golf pro, Wally Burkemo, in the middle of a golf lesson at Franklin Hills Country Club, Birmingham, Mich.



2. THE TEST: Wally Burkemo says he shaved at home one hour ago, but agrees to try again with a brand new Sunbeam Shavemaster shaver.



An actual unshaved test! Documentation on request.

3. THE PROOF: Interviewer opens shaver head and brushes beard into circle on paper—the beard Wally Burkemo's own razor missed!



4. "TERRIFIC!" I thought I had a close shave to start with," says Wally Burkemo, astounded by the result of his Sunbeam "After Shave" Test.



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NOVEMBER 6, 1961

A SPORT FOR GENTLEMEN

by WALTER BINGHAM

At Washington and Lee University, deep in the heart of the Confederacy, football is a winning game even though it is played purely for fun

Photographs by Janet Drake





Standing shoulder to shoulder with the undefeated football teams of the nation—Michigan State, Alabama, Texas, Mississippi, Colorado and Ohio State—is Washington and Lee, which last Saturday won its fifth game of the season by beating Emory and Henry 27-6. While naturally proud of its record, students at Washington and Lee are quick—even happy—to admit that their team is not in the same class with those other undefeated teams. At Washington and Lee football is strictly amateur. No athletic scholarships are given, nor have any been given for the past seven years, a decision which at the time it was taken brought screams of protest from ardent alumni. But this year's team, made up purely of students who play football rather than football players who study, is proving that winning football on an unsubsidized basis can be as much fun to play and as exciting to watch as any football anywhere.

Washington and Lee, of course, is not the only college to have abandoned big-time football. The University of Chicago, in perhaps the most famous instance of de-emphasis, dropped football completely in 1940 after 44 years in the Big Ten. Carnegie Tech, a football power of the '20s, toned down its schedule in 1936, just as Johns Hopkins (SI, Dec. 5) had done the year before. Santa Clara, which twice played in the Sugar Bowl and once in the Orange, withdrew from national competition in 1952, although it has been creeping back quietly during the past two years. Of all the schools that have in varying degrees de-emphasized their football programs and kept them that way, Washington and Lee, which has not lost a game since 1959, has been the most successful.

Washington and Lee University is located in Lexington, Virginia, deep in Civil War country, a school of red brick buildings fronted by white columns. The grounds are hilly and crowded with giant elms. Reminders of the Civil War and its Southern heroes are everywhere. Robert E. Lee is buried on campus. Stonewall Jackson lies not far away in the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Cemetery. There is a Robert E. Lee Hotel, a Robert E. Lee Church and a Stonewall Jackson Hospital.

continued

GENTLEMEN'S SPORT

No university office is considered properly furnished without a portrait of Lee.

Washington and Lee is a gentleman's university. Coats and ties must be worn in class. When one student passes another on campus, it is customary for both to say hello. The honor system prevails, and violators are disciplined by the students themselves.

It was partly to preserve this reputation that the university decided in 1954 to secede from big-time football. The 1950 team had been a powerhouse, winning eight of its 10 games, being ranked 15th in the country and going to the Gator Bowl. To maintain its eminence in competition with larger schools like Tennessee, Maryland, Navy and Alabama, Washington and Lee had offered athletic scholarships to boys who, in the

words of one university professor, "were not Washington and Lee types."

When the football teams of the next three years did poorly, causing alumni to press for even more athletic scholarships, the time for a policy decision was at hand. The football program was costing the university a great deal of money. The football players, on the whole, were proving scholastically inferior. Still, it is possible that the Board of Trustees might have yielded to the pressure of the alumni had not a large portion of the football team been caught cheating during the final exams of 1954. Somehow they had made duplicate keys to rooms where exams were kept and had bought off the janitor. Those caught were expelled immediately, but the feeling still exists that many more violators graduated before an investigation could be carried out.

A month later the Board of Trustees announced that Washington and Lee would award no more athletic scholarships and that the football schedule for that fall would be canceled. When the university resumed varsity football the next season, 1955, it was against teams like Sewanee, Centre and Hampden-Sydney.

It was a lean season. The team lost all its games and scored only four touchdowns. In one game it gained only three yards. "No one covered our games," says Frank Parsons, the university's sports publicity man. "It was lonely in the press box. Just the P.A. announcer, a statistician and me."

It was lonely in the stands, too. What few people would come to watch a game usually left at half time for the warmth of the fraternity house and the big game on national television. "It took guts to

NEAR WASHINGTON AND LEE'S INFORMAL BENCH, YOUNG BOYS WATCH GAME



CUTTING SHARPLY TO HIS RIGHT, WASHINGTON



watch our games," says one professor.

Not many boys turned out for football that first season of unsubsidized football. During practice one afternoon Boyd Williams, an assistant coach, told all the ends to follow him down to a corner of the field. Williams trotted to the appointed spot and when he turned around found that he was being followed by only one man.

The pressure to return to big-time football increased after the winless 1955 season. Campus polls favored it. "The students were embarrassed to have schools like Hampden-Sydney as opponents," says one faculty member.

One professor took his daughter to a dentist on a Saturday in 1955. "His waiting room was crowded with children," he recalls, "but when he saw me he took me aside and started arguing that Washington and Lee just had to

return to big-time football. He got so worked up over it I decided right then not to let him work on my kid's teeth anymore."

The weakest link

A local columnist urged the university to give up football entirely. "If a football team is to be a link between a school and its alumni, it had better be a stronger link than the 1955 Washington and Lee team." Many influential alumni, through the press, seconded the motion. "They were like a bunch of kids who had their little red wagon taken away," said a former player recently.

After Washington and Lee won only one game in 1956, Coach Bill Chipley was fired. "It was a ticklish situation," says one faculty member. "It didn't look too good, firing the coach just after we

had de-emphasized." The official statement released by the university explained that Chipley had been let go because he was not "a good teacher of football."

In his place the university hired Lee McLaughlin, a solidly built man in his late 30s with a grin as wide as his shoulders. When he held his first football meeting, less than 20 boys showed up. "It had become fashionable not to play football," says Frank Parsons. "Boys used to say, 'I was great in prep school, but I wouldn't play here.'"

"People used to come up to me and say, 'Isn't it a shame that so-and-so hasn't come out for football,'" McLaughlin says. "I'd tell them maybe, but I don't think so-and-so could make our team. I knew we couldn't get anywhere until we stopped making heroes out of boys who didn't want to play."

continued

AND LEE FULLBACK TOMMY KESSEE (32) GAINS YARDAGE THROUGH BIG HOLE IN EMORY AND HENRY LINE. W. & L. WON 27 TO 6



McLaughlin traveled about looking for football players, although he could not, of course, offer anything more than a good education. He covered New England, concentrating on Connecticut. "Many of our boys come from prep schools," he says. "You can't throw a rock in Connecticut without hitting a prep school." McLaughlin used to get depressed when prospective Washington and Lee football players were lured away by athletic scholarships. "I've gotten used to it now," he says. "Recruiting is like selling insurance. If you see a thousand boys, maybe you get 10."



SMILING COACH McLAUGHLIN PATS W & L TACKLE AFTER EMORY AND HENRY GAME

What Washington and Lee liked best about Lee McLaughlin is the way he accepted the de-emphasized football program. He held a spring practice, but it was only for two weeks in February so that the boys were free to go out for spring sports. Daily workouts in the fall were only an hour and a half, and if a boy could not make practice because of studies, McLaughlin understood. In fact, several times he ordered boys not to show up for practice because he knew they had important tests coming up. He held a weekly skull session, an hour every Monday night. If the session ran past the hour, McLaughlin told his boys that they were free to leave.

McLaughlin's first two seasons were no better than Chapley's, but in that second year many of the boys who form the foundation of this year's fine team arrived on the Washington and Lee campus. One was Terry Fohs, the 145-pound linebacker who consistently leads the team in tackles. "One of the reasons I came to Washington and Lee is that I knew I could make the team," he says.

Quarterback Steve Suttle had no intention of playing college football. McLaughlin invited him out to watch a practice session one day. "When I saw that the players weren't a bunch of goons," says Suttle, "I changed my

mind." Suttle also went back to his dormitory and talked his friend Ned Hobbs into trying out. Hobbs became the right end and is now a captain of the team. Jerry Hyatt had never played football before he entered Washington and Lee, because his high school in Maryland had no team. Hyatt tried out anyway, made the team and is now an outstanding center.

In 1939 the team won three games, one more than it had won the previous four seasons. And last year Washington and Lee was undefeated, being tied only by Johns Hopkins. With each victory the howls of the alumni to return to big-time football diminished and interest in the

COMFORT IN DEFEAT comes to Captain McHeens of Emory and Henry.

team grew. Once again people showed up to watch Washington and Lee play football, and if most of them still left at half time occasionally it was because the team was winning by such big scores, not losing.

This year's team, after barely winning its first game against Hampden-Sydney 7-6, has scored 148 points in its next four games to its opponents' 12. There have been no outstanding stars, although Fohs, the little linebacker, has again led the defense. A dozen players have scored touchdowns for Washington and Lee. In last week's victory over Emory and Henry, for instance, the four touchdowns were made by four different men. Couch McLaughlin generally uses most of his 50-odd players, not because he is kind but because the talent is evenly distributed. Washington and Lee uses a running game, passing only when necessary. "When you pass," says McLaughlin, "three things can happen and only one of them is good."

The resurgence of football at Washington and Lee has created a new worry among university officials. At the close of last season there were a few moments when it looked as if the school might lose McLaughlin. Virginia was looking for a new football coach and McLaughlin had graduated from there in 1941. But McLaughlin, if he got an offer, turned it down and now says he has no intention of ever leaving.

"I have the best coaching job in the world," he says. "I have the rank of associate professor, tenure and extra benefits. This is a nice town, a fine place to live. And I work with nice boys."

McLaughlin recently gave a small party for some of the faculty. One of the guests was Dana Swan, a young man who in his first season as coach of the freshman team has had the unhappy experience of watching his team lose every game. In fact, the team has yet to score a touchdown.

As the guests were leaving, McLaughlin came over smiling to Swan's young wife. "You've probably heard already," he said, "but in case you haven't, your husband is doing a fine job." At Washington and Lee, even the football coach is a gentleman.

END

Turn page for story on a less happy feel of the 1961 football season



18 FOOTBALL DEATHS: IS IT THE HELMET?

In the first six weeks of the 1981 season more high school and college boys were killed than in all of 1980. Three-fourths of the deaths were from injuries to the 'protected' head and neck areas

by GEORGE WALSH

The football helmet pictured here will not be seen on any player's head this season, but it is on lots of people's minds. An artist's composite, it represents some of the most urgent thinking in what is needed to give a player adequate protection—and such protection has never been needed more.

- Item: In Ortonville, Minn., recently, high school player Joel Brown rose from a pileup, ran 15 yards on the next play, collapsed and died an hour later. The cause: cerebral hemorrhage.

- Item: In Falls City, Texas, tackle Caspar Wiastrek lay unconscious after having had a block thrown at him, died in the hospital 6 hours later. The cause: cerebral hemorrhage.

- Item: In Nappanee, Ind., high school player Larry Slabaugh dove headfirst at the ball carrier, was rushed to the hospital when he failed to rise, died there before the game was over. The cause: hemorrhage of the soft tissue of the brain.

- Summary: With half the season still to go, 14 high school boys have died (nearly 6 more than the yearly average of 8.8 compiled since 1951), and four college players have been killed (nearly three more than the yearly average of 1.1)—all, apparently, from injuries

stemming directly from the game.

These are the most tragic statistics football has known since 1947, when 14 high school deaths and one fatality among college players shocked officials, coaches and medical experts into a complete reappraisal of the safety equipment worn for the game. That was 14 years ago, and in the interim football has once again outgrown its own protective gear. "What we need," says Stanford's Jack Curtice, president of the American Football Coaches Association, "is a real study of equipment—of helmets and all the rest," to which Los Angeles State's Dr. Floyd Eastwood, the chairman of the AFCA's committee on injuries, adds: "Improvements must be made."

The most urgent improvements are needed in the helmet—three-fourths of all fatalities thus far have been due to head and neck injuries. The problem is complicated by the fact many players use their hard-shell helmets as weapons; hence, the helmet must be made not only safer for the man who wears it, but less lethal for the opposition.

Three years ago it seemed that a real breakthrough in helmet design had been made. The late Edward Dye, a nationally known safety engineer who was then associated with Cornell's Aeronautical Laboratory, developed a helmet featur-

ing a geodetic-type suspension system. In this system the straps within the helmet were so arranged as to diffuse the force of a blow around the skull—just as if the shock was being spread around a sphere. Moreover, it held the player's head immobile when the helmet was struck, whereas in the usual sling suspension the head could—and often did—move jarringly under a blow. Dye's helmet also featured a beampad—a shock-absorbing strip of Ensolite that circled the inside of the shell horizontally, protecting against blows to the temple as few previous helmets did.

It didn't sell

Dye turned the helmet over to the MacGregor Sporting Goods Co., which had financed his research, and it was tested on the open market. It failed to sell, MacGregor says, because it was so uncomfortable that players refused to wear it. The company thereupon developed a helmet of its own that used geodetic suspension but was completely padded on the inside of the shell.

The MacGregor helmet represented a step forward in providing safety for its wearer, but it also proved to be among the most expensive made. Perhaps because of this, it never gained widespread popularity. Moreover, many coaches feel

that the Dye helmet was dropped too soon. Still others are tackling the problem from other angles—among them Frank Kavanagh, the Cornell trainer who performed the field tests for Dye.

Kavanagh's theory is that the helmet must fit the skull the way a glove fits the hand, without any suspension system at all. A new helmet of his own design is, accordingly, completely padded on the inside with a brand-new shock-absorbing material. And Kavanagh is padding the outside of the helmet as well: "All hard, rigid shells should be covered," he says. "Not only to protect opponents, but to help absorb the force of the blow to the skull of the wearer." Cornell, Kavanagh says, has been using exterior padding for years, and it has significantly decreased the number of head injuries.

Another research scientist who has definite ideas on helmet design is Dr. George Snively of Sacramento. In May of this year he published a report that was quite critical of "commercially available football helmets." Dr. Snively advocates a helmet modeled after a racing crash helmet. Such helmets, he says, are superior because 1) their shells are more rigid and 2) their interiors, padded with highly shock-absorbing foamed plastic, can absorb blows from almost any angle.

Jack Havey, director of research for Wilson Sporting Goods, has studied Dr. Snively's helmet but enters a demurrer. "I'm not denying foamed plastic is good," he says, "but it protects for only one blow. You'd have to stop the game after each impact and check the linings to see whether they'd been crushed. It wouldn't be practical." Nonetheless, Dr. Snively has tested his foamed-plastic helmet on a Hobbs, N. Mex. high school team and insists results are good. "One player who had headaches after every practice session," he says, "now doesn't suffer from them at all."

A University of Michigan neurosurgeon, Dr. Richard Schneider, has been examining other aspects of the helmet-and-injury problem. He names another culprit. The protective face guard, says Dr. Schneider, which often protrudes three inches or more, frequently is forced upward—either by an opponent grabbing it or by a stiff forearm blow. This, in turn, pushes the back of the helmet down into the neck, "causing fracture or dislocation of the vertebrae and some mangling of the spinal cord." Among Dr. Schneider's suggestions: shorten the



HELMET SAFETY FEATURES proposed by experts include 1) exterior padding (in gray); 2) geodesic suspension (red); 3) improved interior padding around sides of shell (red hatched circles in gray); 4) padding helmet edges against face cuts; 5) shortening face guard; and padding rear of helmet. Some favor no suspension, but more rigid shell with complete interior padding.

face guard or eliminate it altogether; design a softer flap in place of the hard plastic on the back of the helmet.

University of Michigan Athletic Director Fritz Crisler, who helped Dr. Schneider prepare his report, agrees that the face guard does more harm than good. "It gives your opponent a convenient handle to grab onto," Crisler says, "and the leverage is tremendous." It was not until 1957, Crisler points out, that high schools and colleges even had a penalty for grabbing a player by the guard (the professional leagues still

permit it when tackling the ball carrier).

This week, the American Medical Association's sports committee called for continuing research to improve the helmet. The net result of all the research done thus far could be a helmet like the one above, which incorporates some of the most promising new designs now under study. Just how it could be got onto the heads of players—particularly high school players who, as a rule, have the least money to spend on protective equipment—is another question, which nobody has yet studied.

END

THE MYSTERY OF THE WALLEYES AND THE WATER

Its solution may well make history. Along the north branch of the Susquehanna River, conservationists and industrialists are meeting head on to determine who should make restitution when a stream flows poison

by RUSTY COWAN

There was nothing in the peaceful Sunday morning landscape to show that poison flowed in the river. The broad Susquehanna was placid below its wooded shores, and the group of fishermen who had come out from Wilkes-Barre looked forward to a good day's sport. Then they saw the fish, surfacing at a big raffle across the stream. They were walleyed pike and they appeared to be sick or stunned, moving sluggishly into shallow water, where they lay helpless.

Giving up their sport for the day, the fishermen organized a spontaneous conservation project; they transported some of the walleyes to a pool in Harvey's Creek, a stream nearby. But the walleyes died in Harvey's Creek just as their fellows died in the murky Susquehanna.

The fishermen reported the incident and went their way. Though they did not know it, they had launched a new and possibly crucial skirmish in the long struggle between conservationists and the industrial users of water. By last week this month-old incident had grown into a sizable conflict. The Pennsylvania Fish Commission determined that 116,280 fish had died and the north branch of the Susquehanna had been ruined for perhaps three years as a fishing stream. But for all of this, the real impact of the conflict lay in the fact that a new and potent weapon was introduced: money.

Broadly speaking, Pennsylvania conservationists, like those elsewhere, have had to rely on public opinion to gain their ends. The 60 fish wardens employed by the state fish commission

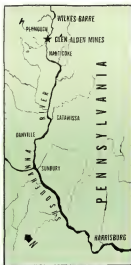
might arrest an occasional profligate angler with more than his limit of fish, or a factory might be fined for having dumped large quantities of toxic liquids into a river; but, by and large, police power could not be exerted to keep fish and game abundant and streams pure.

Now, however, public opinion in Pennsylvania has been given a practical value. What is arising out of the Susquehanna case is a new concept of responsibility for destroying natural resources. To be specific, the fish commission thinks that whoever caused the deaths of the 116,280 fish should pay \$58,504.50 for them—and the commission is pretty sure it knows who is responsible.

On the day following the first report, officials tested the water without discovering anything wrong. Next day a man named Donald Roberts reported to a fish warden that he had seen dead fish in the river near the town of Catawissa, some 36 miles downstream from where the first stricken walleyes were noted.

The fish commission consists of eight unpaid members, who make policy, and a paid executive director, who administers it. The commission member nearest the scene was Maynard Bogart from the town of Danville. "I went down to look into it myself," Bogart said. "I saw plenty of dead and dying fish. Some were jumping right out on the bank."

Bogart also called the nearest fish warden. Reports were now coming in constantly, and fisheries officials



TOXIC RIVER. Susquehanna's north branch, a victim of pollution by Wilkes-Barre mines.

throughout the state were alerted. Bogart tried to telephone Robert Bielo, a state fish biologist, at the fish commission headquarters in Harrisburg. "I hung up and turned around and answered a knock at the door," Bogart said. "It was Bielo." The two men calculated that whatever was causing the trouble was moving down the river at about eight miles a day, and they hurried to a point downstream from Danville, where Briar Creek empties into the Susquehanna, to watch the reaction when the contamination reached that point. They met health department officials there. "They said they had investigated earlier reports but hadn't found anything," Bogart said. "Well, this time they did. I picked up a dead walleye and handed it to them."

Bielo counted 44 dead walleyes and one dead bass in a single eddy. The area where the dead fish were found extends from below Wilkes-Barre through gently rolling lands to the town of Sunbury (see map), a distance of 55 miles. Bielo and his crew retraced the entire route back to Wilkes-Barre, counting dead fish as they went. On the basis of their samples, running to about 700 for every 400 to 600 yards of the river, they estimated that 116,280 fish had been killed—big fish, that is, all of legal size to be taken by anglers.

On the same day that Bielo and his crew finished enumerating dead walleyes, the seeming source of the pollution was found. The Sanitary Water Board ordered the Glen Alden Mining Company of South Wilkes-Barre to cease operating a new pumping station that had gone into operation in early October.

Albert Day, executive director of the fish commission, is convinced that these new, 4,000-gallon-a-minute pumps caused the trouble. "It will take two or three years for the river to recover," said Day. The fish commission held that the Glen Alden pumps were drawing up stagnant water and wastes from deep shafts, untouched for three years and laden with iron, sulphur and highly concentrated minerals that formed lumps of scum like snowflakes. The fish were dying because the minerals absorbed the oxygen in the water—although, said Bielo, the sulphuric acid alone was so bad it was enough to kill the fish.

Two weeks after the fishermen first noticed the walleyes surfacing, the fish commission met secretly to decide what it would do about the catastrophe. As a result, it passed a resolution asking that

the Glen Alden Company be assessed \$38,504.50 for the fish that had been killed. (Bass under 10 inches were estimated at \$1, over 10 inches at \$1.30 and walleyes over 10 inches at \$1.50.) To enforce collection, the water board would refuse to let the pumps be started—even experimentally—until the money had been paid, the fish commission pledging

islativ subcommittee had also joined the inquiry and reached the same conclusion. "If a farmer had contaminated the water," said its chairman, "he would have been arrested at once." Moving along with what appeared to be the current of public opinion, Commissioner Day placed the whole matter in the office of the attorney general of the state.



RASSE BECK OF SUNBURY FOUND THESE DEAD FISH IN RIVER NEAR CATAWISSA

that the entire amount would be used to restore walleye and bass to the depleted area.

The Glen Alden Company, which had promptly shut down its pumps at the water board's order, argued that it had done nothing illegal. Furthermore, it pointed out, a permanent stoppage of the pumps would throw some 1,080 needy miners out of work. Franklin Gelder, the company's general counsel, added: "Nor do we admit that the fish killed resulted from pollution coming from our mine. I don't see how anybody can isolate this."

Whatever the legal merits of Commissioner Day's proposal, there was no doubt but that he had aroused a good deal of interest among conservationists. The water board and fish commission were on record as holding the mine company responsible for the fish kill; a leg-

He said vehemently that he had no doubt that a suit would be brought against Glen Alden, forthwith. Meanwhile, after two days of drenching rain appreciably raised the level of the Susquehanna, the mining company was permitted to start its pumps again—at half capacity.

And there, for the time being, rests the case of the walleyes of the Susquehanna. If Commissioner Day should achieve what he wants, the result would be a revolutionary new concept of the law and conservation. For the first time the despoiler of a trout stream would be held responsible for the enjoyment he has taken away from his fellow citizens. If such a determination can be made, and made without sacrifice of human rights, those walleyed pike that floated to the surface of the Susquehanna to the astonishment of Sunday anglers would indeed have become historic.

END

A CHAMPION'S SECRET THOUGHTS

Phil Hill, 34, one of the most gifted yet least recognized of U.S. sports figures, has brought home the world automobile racing title. Turn the page for his candid self-portrait



Photograph by Bruno Miller



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PRIZE—AND NIGHTMARE

by PHIL HILL

This is both an automotive age and an age of anxiety; I suppose it is only natural that the first American world champion driver not only should be a guy who has been pretty far out on cars for as long as he can remember but one who also has been described as anxious in four or five languages. Being that guy, I would be the last to claim that he is as relaxed as, say, the public Perry Como. But I take exception to the view, which seems to be widely held, that I am some kind of suicidal basket case who can't help exposing his raw nerve ends to the tensions and dangers of Grand Prix racing.

Let me say first of all that racing has been good to me. Winning the world championship was my highest goal. I am proud of having achieved it. Let me point out also that I have a healthy respect for the dangers of racing. My driving has almost always contained a high caution factor. I have had a few accidents, but in a dozen years of racing I

have not so much as scratched a finger. Needless to say, I have been lucky. I want to go on racing, but I hope that I can retain my identity and at the same time, very frankly, diminish the danger to myself. I like being in one piece and having an unscarred face.

Perhaps I am oversensitive, but since returning to America this fall I have found that I am being treated with kid gloves. My friends and acquaintances apparently believe I went into a tailspin over the death of my Ferrari teammate and rival for the championship, Count Wolfgang von Trips, in the Italian Grand Prix at Monza. Followers of racing will recall that Trips had held a small but very important lead in the race between us and that by winning at Monza I also won the driving championship.

At the risk of seeming to be callous, I can only say that my emotional defenses are pretty strong. I can be stoical when I have to be. Every racing driver who has been around for any length of time has had to cope with the deaths of other drivers. Obviously racing goes on

nonetheless. Trips and I were friends, but we had never been especially close. I was saddened by his death and I felt terribly sorry for his parents, who had wanted him to quit racing, but I was not shattered. Does that make sense?

In any case, I sleep at night, eat well enough and continue to take a keen interest in all aspects of racing. Sometimes I wonder what my ancestors would have made of all this. My family, of Dutch origin, has been in this country since well before the Revolutionary War—since 1675, in fact. I think I am the first male member of it not to attend Union College in Schenectady, New York since the school was founded in the late 1700s. We have been a family of respectable business and professional people. My father was at one time city editor of the Schenectady Gazette. He moved from Schenectady to Miami, where I was born, and then to Santa Monica, where he was postmaster from 1935 until the time of his death in 1951.

I was smitten by cars as a boy, and I stayed smitten. When I was 9 or so I began driving my parents' cars into and out of the garage and steering them from time to time out in the country. One day, when I was 12, I was walking past a used car lot in downtown Los Angeles with my aunt, and I saw this Model T Ford. It had only 8,000 miles on it and everything was original, but

continued

WALKING BESIDE DRIVER'S SEAT OF FERRARI BEARING VON TRIPS'S GASKET, HILL PAYS HIS LAST RESPECTS AT HIS RIVAL'S FUNERAL



they wanted an outlandish price for it—\$40. My aunt was partial to me, though, and she bought me the car. My father wasn't too happy about it, but he let me keep it. My father's main worry was that my studies would suffer from what he considered my excessive interest in automobiles, and I'm afraid his fears were justified. Every chance I had I drove the Model T on the private roads of a friend's place down in Santa Monica Canyon. Today I would have to say that I am against kids having automobiles, because

made a sound like—well, a better sound.

There was no problem in finding out whether a driver who pulled up beside me wanted to drag. We had our little signals. If one guy revved his engine in a subtle way, and that was returned, then the drag would be on. My left foot would be trembling on the clutch in anticipation as I waited for the moment when I let it in and took off.

I had several cars during those wartime years—first a Model A Ford with a V-8 engine, and then a 1932 Plymouth, a 1926 Chevy Four and a 1940 Packard convertible. But as much as I liked street

model, I had been an enthusiast of road racing for years, reading everything I could find on the great European cars and drivers. Once I got Gib Lilly to try the MG, and he was astonished. Compared with it, the typical big American car of the day was a wallowing pig. The sports car had—how should I put it?—an air of truth about it.

It was in 1949 that some foreign-car races started in Los Angeles on a half-mile paved oval called the Carrell Speedway. I entered my MG in them and, profiting from the midget-racing experience, really cleaned up, mostly against other MGs. Attendance was heavy for a while. People came out for the comical aspect, to see those funny little wire-wheeled cars being stuffed into the fences. I avoided the fences and on a good night I could earn \$400 to \$500.

By the next year I had one of the early XK120 Jaguar sports cars—complete with a plaque saying it was a replica of one that had done 132 mph. I raced it in June at Santa Ana in the first honest-to-goodness road event we had in California. The course was laid out on a blimp base. I finished second, but I was the hero of the race because I drove with more verve than anyone else. I had to. I spun out in the first turn and had a lot of road to make up.

After Santa Ana I won the first race on the old treeline Pebble Beach course at Monterey. That was a big step in my life. From then on I raced in sports car events all over the country as the road-racing boom gathered momentum, and everywhere I went I met with considerable success.

I had a strange hope, right from the beginning, that I could be an especially good driver. I don't know whether I needed to believe that for my ego's sake or whether it was a logical, rational conclusion. I do know that my view of life has always been a pessimistic one. I am always pleasantly surprised when something good happens to me.

After the Jaguar I bought a 2.9-liter supercharged Alfa Romeo—a Mille Miglia veteran from the works stable managed by Enzo Ferrari before the war and then an English Aston Martin. Next I went deep into hock for my first Ferrari car. It was a 2.6-liter model that had already raced in France. Receiving it was a thrill. Gee! A Ferrari, you know. Ferraris have always been glamorous, but they were all the more glamorous then because of their extreme rarity. Still, I expected some



POLISHED, VICTORIOUS DRIVE AT MONZA WON HILL LONG-DREAMED-OF TITLE

I feel it detracts from other more important activities in their formative years.

However, if anyone had talked like that to me in those days, his counsel would have gone in one ear and out the other. I am just as glad that I had no communication on the subject with my parents or with any good, sensible mature adult.

I was enthralled with cars and power and speed, but I already had a certain saving caution. I did not, for example, "bicycle" that Model T—in other words, corner it on two wheels, as some characters I knew often did with their curs. Later on, one of my amusements was dragging away from stop lights on the streets of Santa Monica. This was in wartime, and the streets were not as crowded as they are now, nor were the police as strict. Any kid who was anybody had "pipes" on his car, meaning a muffler and tail-pipe system that picked up and amplified certain harmonics in the exhaust and

drag racing, it was not the most important thing in the world to me. I got perhaps an even bigger kick out of working on my cars in the family garage.

I studied business administration at the University of Southern California in 1945, '46 and '47, but finally quit because my grades were getting to be so bad. They went to hell because I got so interested in being a mechanic on a pair of Offenhauser midget racing cars. The postwar midget craze was on, and I worked with a couple of other guys on cars driven all over California by Gib Lilly and Walt Faulkner.

I loved those days. I really don't know why except that it was such a simple life—perhaps that's the reason. I was totally devoted to it and totally interested in it. My parents were apprehensive, but they didn't seem to get through to me.

I finally raced in those midgets—with conspicuous mediocrity—for a few months. In the meantime, I had bought one of the old MGs, a supercharged TC

kind of further thrill. Up to that time, taking possession of the MG had been the greatest thing in my life—I can't tell you how far out on cars I was in those days. But I didn't get the same feeling from the Ferrari, because it wasn't pure and perfect. It was a dirty blue, and there had been some crude hammering-out of dents in the bodywork.

After tuning it up, I did well with the Ferrari and with other racing sports cars. In 1953 I went to Europe and for the first time met Enzo Ferrari himself. I remember being rather awestruck. Afterward I codrove a little Italian Osca in the 24-hour sports car race at Le Mans with Freddy Wacker of Chicago. We lasted eight hours.

I was carried away by the experience of being at Le Mans. There I was on the same course with all those road-racing gods of mine—Fangio, Ascari, Villoresi. Besides, it was all so foreign. I was very sensitive to differences then. Now one of my greatest pleasures is to spend the summers in Europe, thus having the luxury of being able to change languages and cultures and terrains in a matter of hours. But in 1953 I was amazed, for instance, by the strange, shuttered houses in the city of Le Mans. And I remember my surprise, on visiting in one of them, at finding out that family life went on behind those shutters quite as routinely as in Santa Monica or Schenectady. At first I sort of felt like a boy visiting at somebody else's grandmother's house.

When I began racing I literally did not think about the possible dangers. Also, I seemed to have built-in filters in my brain which minimized things that went badly and amplified things that went well. The things I did badly I conveniently forgot about. Somebody would say, "Now, about that time you went down the escape road," and I would reply, "What do you mean? I didn't go down any escape road," and really believe what I was saying.

But after a couple of years, despite the filters, I began thinking seriously about the whole thing. I had previously lived a reasonably quiet, protected life. Now it came home to me that I was in a sport in which people were crashing and killing themselves. I began developing severe anxiety tensions. I was feeding a stomach ulcer.

On my doctor's advice I quit racing in 1954 and turned, instead, to restoring my aunt's beautiful old 1931 Pierce-Arrow town cabriolet to mint condition.

BACK IN THE RUNNING

The postwar renaissance in American road racing has, this year, reached its loftiest plateau. Not since Jimmy Murphy went to Le Mans way back in 1921 and won the French Grand Prix with a Duesenberg has this country scored so notably in the sport. The U.S. at last has the world champion driver; we now seem to be on the verge of another great stride forward—toward a time in which we will have internationally important road-racing cars as well as drivers.

Not only are more international drivers performing before larger audiences in the U.S. (the third U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y., was the first to make money; recent sports car races at Riverside and Laguna Seca drew 70,000 and 62,500 spectators) but also plans are afoot to bring the U.S. more vigorously into the sport with a new kind of Grand Prix car. There is today an intercontinental formula, but racing under it is all but dead. The U.S. has proposed to the International Automobile Federation (FIA) a new Intercontinental rule. This retains a provision for single-seat racers with "racing" (i.e., special overhead camshaft) engines up to 3-liter piston displacement but now admits stock engines up to 5 liters.

The stock-engine feature is what intrigues Americans. We produce few racing engines. Prospects are infinitely remote for an American engine built to the tiny, 1½-liter maximum size of the present Formula 1 cars, in which the world championship is contested.

But we have an abundance of good, cheap, readily available stock engines. Thus, under the new IC formula American builders can compete at a

fraction of the stupendous cost to be faced when a new racing engine is created.

Society sportsman Lance Reventlow was the one American to build to Formula 1 and the old IC. He spent a fortune and gained little but experience. But now his technicians are at work on three stock-engined IC cars. Believing it unnecessary to go all the way to 5 liters, they are souping up lightweight aluminum 3.5-liter Buick Special V-8s for power units. The prototype, says Manager Warren Olson, will be completed in a matter of weeks. "Everybody wants the formula," he says. "I think it will catch on and skyrocket."

Even if the FIA rejects the formula at a meeting next Monday in London (it seems unlikely), the United States Auto Club is prepared to back it as a national road-racing rule. Consequently, our virtually total dependence upon Europe for important road-racing cars is coming to an end.

Chances are good, too, that the USAC will, at a January meeting, reduce the engine ceiling for the Indianapolis "500" from 4.2 to 3 liters for 1964 and afterward. This would mean that our top track-racing cars would in effect be IC cars. If equipped for road racing their usability would be vastly increased. IC cars with racing engines would be eligible for a 3-liter Indy race, and if stock engines should be admitted to the "500," then the whole broad range of IC cars could give that historic race the variety it now so sadly lacks—always presuming that IC will generate a diversity of new racers here and abroad. Friends of racing fervently hope it will.

Unfortunately, I really tied myself up in a snit with the Pierce. Working on it, I spent 10 times the nervous energy that racing would have required.

One day I received from a Texas oilman named Allen Guiberson a picture of a tantalizing 4.5-liter Ferrari sports car. Sealed to one corner was this note: "Guaranteed not to cause ulcers." Having somehow cured my ulcer by then, I was intrigued. As it turned out, I drove the Ferrari for Guiberson in the last Pan-American road race. I finished second to Umberto Maglioli of Italy, who had a factory Ferrari.

It was probably on the strength of this race that Enzo Ferrari invited me to join his works team as a sports car driver. I accepted and spent the next three years aching to take the final step and drive Grand Prix cars, which are the ultimate, the top in road racing. But it was always going to be the next race. Tired of waiting for Ferrari to come through, I finally accepted an offer to drive a private Maserati in the French Grand Prix of 1958. I finished a respectable seventh. Ferrari almost fired me for that, but before long I was driving a works Grand Prix car.

It's funny about Grand Prix racing.

enr/staff

You don't become tuned in to the subtle dangers of those little cars until you have had some time in them. Compared with the hulker sports cars, they seem fantastically easy to drive but they bite you in a far more serious way. You can lose control of them so fast it's incredible.

It is remarkable, though, how natural and relaxed you can be when you are new in a Grand Prix car, as I was in 1958. I drove just two championship races for Ferrari and in both of them contributed to the title eventually won by my teammate, the Englishman Mike Hawthorn, who happened to be my particular idol.

There was a close race that year between Hawthorn and his countryman Stirling Moss, who was driving the British Vanwall. The season's concluding events were at Monza and in Morocco. To my surprise I found myself ahead of Hawthorn—but trailing the race leader—in both cases, and each time I followed team orders and yielded second place to Hawthorn. Furthermore, in the Italian race, I managed to take fastest lap away from Moss, which meant one less point for him. In the end Hawthorn won the championship by just one point.

Great Britain ascendant

The next two seasons brought well-deserved victory to John Cooper of Britain and his rear-engined Grand Prix car, which was to persuade every other builder to switch to rear engines. Driving the Cooper, Jack Brabham of Australia was twice the world champion. We at Ferrari in those seasons had to be content with applying pressure from behind.

But England slept as time approached for the beginning of a new Grand Prix formula, calling for an engine of 1½ liters rather than 2½ liters. In the meantime, Ferrari and his immensely capable chief engineer, Chiti, were refining a V-6 model that was to overpower all its competition. There would also be a new chassis of the latest rear-engined design.

By now I had learned to live with and cope with the tensions of racing, if not to disregard them completely—no driver is ever perfectly free of tension—but I had a disturbing premonition. If it was true that the Ferrari was superior, then there would be an intense struggle for the championship within the team, and I braced myself for it.

As it turned out, the Ferrari was superior. And as I had feared, Trips and I

became involved in an increasingly bitter competition for championship points. Because the championship was at stake, I was not able to be reasonable and sensible about every race. After all these years I should have been, automatically, but there was this continual counting of points. By midseason my concentration was suffering.

Nevertheless, when we lined up for the fourth race, the French Grand Prix at Rheims, I was feeling darned good. I had set fastest lap in practice. I just did lead Trips on points, 19 to 18. Toward the end of the race Trips went out with mechanical trouble, and I was way out in front. So what did I do but spin out on a dumb little 40-mph corner. By the time I restarted I was in ninth place. One tiny lapse in my usual concentration, and the victory was gone, and with it the psychological lift and substantial lead that winning would have given me. Trips won the next race; I was second. And though at the Nürburgring in Germany I became the first driver to better nine minutes for a lap, lowering the record all the way down to 8:55.2, I was never ahead again on points until I won the seventh race, at Monza, and the championship itself.

It is obvious to everyone that Trips drove extremely well during this championship year. My testimony on that point would be superfluous; the record speaks for itself. Nor can I shed light on the question of which of us might have won the title had Trips survived and gone on to finish the season at Watkins Glen, N.Y. We both wanted the championship very badly.

My defenses, as I have said, were equal to the shock of his death. They were strained to the utmost, however, by the ordeal of his funeral. There were three separate services. The first was held in the Trips castle, Burg Hemmersbach, an impressive, moated structure at Horrem near Cologne. My California friend and fellow Ferrari driver, Richie Ginther, and I had traveled up from Modena to serve as pallbearers. A funeral Mass was said at the castle, and then a procession formed outside. It was raining, yet none of us wore raincoats or carried umbrellas. We walked a mile to the Trips's church. The pace was set by an old, old woman, all dressed in black and carrying a symbolic brass lantern, who seemed to have some ceremonial position in the town. There was a band, also dressed in black, which played Chopin's funeral march. The casket was carried on Trips's

personal Ferrari sports car, an open model painted a dark green, which, of course, had to be driven very slowly. An amazingly large crowd lined the streets. School seemed to have been let out.

At the church an interminable Mass was sung. Then the procession re-formed to go to the cemetery, perhaps another mile away. It was raining harder than ever. The Trips family chapel is situated on a knoll in the cemetery. The procession stopped at the foot of the knoll, and eight of us clambered up the rise, slipping and sliding on the muddy earth, with the very heavy casket. The 1½ service was held, and poor Trips was finally entombed.

Peace at last

I have never experienced anything so profoundly meaningful as that day. It was a nightmare acted out in daytime. Afterward I went to the house of a friend of Trips's and took a boiling hot bath. It was wonderful to be there, out in the peaceful countryside, after the noises and stresses of the racing season and the gloomy events of the day.

That evening I was asked to go to the castle to see Trips's mother. Now, ever since leaving Italy I had had a pain, like a stitch, in my side. It was purely psychosomatic; I had felt it before. It told me that I was tense, that I must relax. What I am coming to is the curious fact that the pain went away as I talked with Frau von Trips. She was composed. She even found it possible to scold me gently for not accompanying her to the Salzburg Music Festival, as I had promised I would early in the season. I sensed, as we spoke, that she did not condemn racing. I knew she was terribly hurt by the loss of her only son, but he had chosen a dangerous career and now that he was gone she accepted the fact like a Spartan mother.

For myself, I have always considered the risks of racing worth taking in view of the ultimate prize—a championship honored the world over.

And if I have made racing seem pretty grim, I haven't done it full justice. Winning is a happy experience in any sport. And there is a particularly great thrill in getting into a fresh, beautiful racing car on a particularly beautiful day and beginning practice on a circuit that hasn't yet been soiled by rain or patches of oil. All doubts, all anxieties, all memories of past painful struggles fade away before the magic of this occasional purity, and I am at one with the car. **END**

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HOT NIGHTS ON THE COLD ICE

by **KENNETH RUDEEN**

Once again the autumnal ice floes have drifted down on urban sports arenas and another hockey season has begun. But this year the ice could be warmed by unaccustomed competition. For the first time in a long while the perennial champions of the National Hockey League are declared by the experts to be officially vincible, and the race to take their place might be full of suspense.

There are at least three teams capable of unseating the Montreal Canadiens this season. The annual poll of sportswriters taken by *Hockey News* gives Chicago's Black Hawks and Detroit's Red Wings the best chances and goes on to pick the Black Hawks as likeliest champs. Those who fancy the Toronto Maple Leafs, however, are confident that they will end up ahead of both. Few give New York or Boston much of a chance, but each is starting out with a new coach and, presumably, new determination. On the following pages, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* takes a look at all six contenders.

Drawings by John Alcorn



CONTINUED



MONTREAL WON'T QUIT

With the best defenseman of modern times—Doug Harvey—missing from their ranks, with high-scoring Forwards Jean Beliveau and Dickie Moore on the sick list for a month or more, with another defenseman, Tom Johnson, benched with a broken ankle, Montreal's Canadiens had every reason to enter the slump predicted for them. Instead, after two weeks of the new season, they were acting more like the old invincible Habs than ever. Their scoring chores were being ably handled by the veteran Boom Boom Geoffrion, the wonderfully swift little center, Henri Richard, and such lesser stickmen as Claude Provost, Ralph

Backstrom and Marcel Bonin. The defense, now featuring pugnacious Lou Fontinato, who was brought north from New York specifically to be a backline cop for Montreal's light hitters, was adequate, and masked Goalie Jacques Plante was off to his best start in years.

Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to think of the Canadiens as the same unbeatable team that won four straight NHL titles and five of the last six Stanley Cup playoffs. But it might be an equally bad mistake to discount their challenge simply because the Black Hawks' bully beef gave them a mauling in last spring's Stanley Cup semifinals.



TORONTO STANDS PAT

If there is nothing much new to say about Toronto's Maple Leafs, it's because Manager-Coach Punch Imlach is retaining a team he has spent a long time building—a team that spent most of last year poising Montreal at the head of the race and ended the regular season in second place. It was a team full of surprises—good ones like 20-goal seasons from not one but two freshmen, and a 48-goal season from young Frank Mahovlich, whom many had written off as too lazy; and bad ones, like the poor showing of such reliable regulars as Dick Duff, Bob Pulford and Carl Brewer. But the good surprises far outweighed the

bad, and Imlach may well uncork a few more this year. If Imlach oldsters like Goalie Johnny Bower (who admits to 37), Defenseman Allan Stanley, 35, and the playmaking center Red Kelly, 34, hold on and if Imlach's youngsters hold up, Toronto will be a real threat. Even without counting Stanley, the Leafs' defense corps of Bob Baun, Carl Brewer, Larry Hillman and Tim Horton may be the best in the league. And if the seasoned forwards slump, kid prospects like Larry Keenan and Bruce Draper can always move up. In any case, Punch Imlach will act as if he's going to win every game by 10 points, and that always helps.



CHICAGO LOOKS TOUGH

As famed for muscle as Montreal is for speed, last year's surprise Stanley Cup champion Black Hawks conceivably could win this year. But to do it, Chicago needs scorers, and so far has not shown signs of having many. Goalie Glenn Hall is first-rate and the Black Hawk defense is mean and expert, but last year the forwards shot only 18 more goals than were scored against them. To be sure, they roughhoused Montreal right out of the Stanley Cup, but they finished a poor third in the regular season, 17 points behind the champions, who were stale and tired from the long season by the time the cup playoffs came along.

To fill the scoring hole, General Manager Tommy Ivan has been shopping hard for new goal-getters. From Boston he drafted blow-hot, blow-cold Bronco Horvath, who dipped from 39 goals two seasons ago to 15 last year. He picked up two youngsters from Detroit, Brian Smith and Jerry Melynk, in trade for his slumping onetime star wing, Ed Litzenberger.

But until the newcomers shake down, Ivan must depend on his one superior line: Bobby Hull, Red Hay and Murray Balfour and a mixed lot of forwards, of whom feisty young Stan Mikita (19 goals last year) has perhaps the most potential.



DETROIT HAS HOWE

This year as before, Detroit is searching for picture cards to go with its one luminous ace, Gordie Howe. Last year, in a massive new deal, the Red Wings added nine new players—and finished fourth. But Coach Sid Abel felt the team was 50% stronger at season's end. This summer Abel played his cards a little tighter. He took only two major gambles: trading two young, unproved forwards to Chicago for Ed Litzenberger, a 30-goal man gone sour, and giving hard-pressed New York \$20,000 and an obscure minor leaguer for the slick but aging defenseman Bill Gadsby.

Centering on a line with Howe, big

Litz has already boomed in six goals in the first six games. Gadsby, an expert rushing defenseman and power-play man, was hired not only for his own skills but to put some sense and style into a quick-fisted defensive bravo named Howie Young.

But Detroit's one sure trick remains Gordie Howe, who is still, at the age of 33 and after 15 NHL seasons, not only hockey's best player but also its most feared one. By spring he should become the second player in history to score 500 goals (Rocket Richard was, of course, first). Without this sturdy veteran the Red Wings could still be nothing.



NEW YORK HAS HOPES

Struggling to rise above its usual mediocrity, New York has boldly lured 36-year-old Doug Harvey from Montreal to direct the ascent as player-coach. Ranger fans haven't been so excited in years, for as a player he has at least a year of superior hockey in his tiring legs, and as a coach he brings a touch of the Canadiens' winning aura to the disheartened Ranger locker room. With the Rangers leading the league at the end of the first two weeks, the Harvey magic seemed to be working fine.

Viewed realistically, however, the magic seemed almost bound to run out for lack of rabbits in the hat. Of Ranger

forwards, Harvey can count only four holdover "pros": Superstar Andy Bathgate, Andy Hebenton, Dean Prentice and Camille Henry.

With Gadsby, Lou Fontinato and John Hanna gone, Harvey himself will serve as the core of the New York defense, along with holdover Harry Howell and newcomer Junior Langlois. He has brought happy Jean Guy Gendron from Montreal to bolster the front line. But most of Harvey's fortune will depend on players who may—or may not—improve.

And, just to make matters worse, Goalie Gump Worsley was hit by a puck and sent to a hospital last week.



BOSTON, POOR BOSTON

Once again the sadsack, rookie-heavy Bruins seem to be in for a miserable season. But they do have a new coach, and his incendiary tongue may distract public attention for a time from the team's spectacular ineptitude. This unlucky man is none other than Philippe Henri Watson, the same Phierly Phil who tongue-lashed the Rangers to three consecutive playoffs before losing his winning touch, his health (via ulcers) and, in 1960, his job.

As replacement for kindly Coach Milt Schmidt (who escapes to the front office), Watson will bech a special brand of tough hockey, and Boston has always

loved a bad, bold team ever since Eddie Shore scrapped nightly on the ice.

The trouble now is that Phil has nothing but cardboard grizzlies to fight with. Tough and touchy old Fern Flaman has retired to coach Providence, leaving beefy Leo Boivin as the only genuine bad guy in the bunch. There are signs that rookie Defenseman Ted Green might develop. He's already broken a fist on several Toronto players and a goal post. Unlike most goalies, Boston's Don Head has proved a good fighter but he doesn't stop many goals.

It looks like another long, hard winter for the hockey fans in cold Back Bay.

CONTINUED



HOCKEY PREVIEW *continued*

KEON OF THE LEAFS

No matter which of the six teams described on the preceding pages turns out to be NHL champion this year, the victory will have been a long time in the making. Championship hockey players cannot be bought readymade on the open market. They must be plucked as green shoots from a whole forest of potential candidates and carefully nurtured to maturity during years of patient waiting. No finer example exists of the rewards that can accrue from such patient husbandry than the 21-year-old Toronto center pictured above.

David Michael Keon is without doubt

one of the finest hockey players to come along in years. Built on the lean, springy lines of a dash man, he has a naturally fluid, effortless skating style, a fine shot and a flair for being at the right place at the right time. Last season Keon vaulted directly into the big time from junior hockey and became everybody's choice for NHL rookie of the year. Now, as a new season opens, he is on the threshold of major stardom. But it is no accident whatever that he is playing for Toronto. To get a Keon you must spot him as an adolescent and get his allegiance before he is 16—the minimum age at

which he can be contractually bound. Since it is beyond human power to divine whether a 16-year-old will in fact become even an average journeyman major leaguer, you must search far and wide and be prepared to bet some very long shots. Canada's hockey woods are alive with bird dogs sent there to round up all the likely-looking kids they can find for the NHL teams.

Toronto's interest in Keon was generated a half dozen years ago by an urgent letter from Noranda, a bleak little mining town in northwestern Quebec. "Come get this boy," wrote Vince Thomson, Toronto's bird dog in Noranda, who is a geologist by trade. "If you don't, another team will hurt you with him someday."

Chief Scout Bob Davidson hurried to Noranda, visited Keon's parents and won them—and thus Dave—over to Toronto with one of his better persuaders. This was the offer of what amounts to a hockey scholarship to St. Michael's, a Toronto high school that is to schoolboy hockey what Notre Dame is, or at least was, to American college football.

Every big league club sponsors so-called junior teams on which the skills of its prospects are refined. Toronto happens to sponsor the St. Mike's Majors.

Up from St. Mike's, Keon batted in a goal against Detroit in the third major league game of his life and by season's end he had 20 goals, which, in baseball terms, means batting roughly .300.

"In time," said Coach Punch Imlach, who had supervised the whole process with the patience of a skilled nurseryman, "Keon may be as good as Henri Richard." Despite the Pocket Rocket's undeniable skill, this was a cautious prediction for a young man who could soar even higher.

But if Punch is not yet ready to go all-out with overconfidence, neither is young Dave, who acts as though he has yet to clinch his place on the Leafs, skating overtime in practice until the coach orders him off ice to conserve his strength. Big league hockey jobs are not easy to find, and Dave may still be haunted by the memory of a teen-age summer's work in the murky depths of a Noranda copper mine, 2,300 feet below ground. **END**

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With cheerful scorn for \$1,000 winches and the unfathomable fractions of ocean-racing rules, a growing number of sailors are beginning to have

NEW FUN WITH OLD DESIGNS

by PEGGY DOWNEY

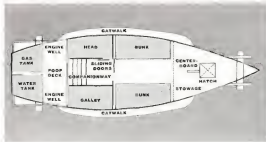
This Chinese junk, mushing across western Long Island Sound in marvelous disarray with holes in her buggy sails and a bathing-suited girl waving from the cabin top, is the sort of boat in which most speed-conscious American yachtsmen would not be caught dead. Fat, ungainly, hopeless to windward, a sure loser in any race, she—and some of the other cheerful anachronisms on the following pages—were once relegated to boating's boneyard. But today they are being revived and dearly loved by a coterie of easygoing sailors who think old things are more fun than fast things and who themselves would not be caught dead wrestling with racing sails at

midnight in the Gulf Stream. There is an added bit of family strategy involved in buying these old designs. The average wife, who finds few things more revolting than a red-hot beat to windward on a Class E scow, can be quite happy lolling in the big, dry cockpit of a slow-moving Chesapeake skipjack. And there are few children who can resist the chance to go to sea for the afternoon on a genuine Chinese junk.

This particular junk is 30 feet long and is built of Borneo ironwood by Cathay Crafts, Ltd., one of several Hong Kong companies now busily shipping boats of all kinds to the U.S. She comes equipped with three sails dipped in

oxblood (real oxblood!) for weather-proofing. She also has deck awnings, a hand pump, an anchor and bamboo fenders. Down below deck, her obliging Chinese builders have intensified the aura of the East by providing the broad cabin (*see drawing at left*) with chopstick service for 10, an opium lamp, a hibachi and a small porcelain statue of the god of the boat, a Chinese deity who is supposed to look after everyone on the boat. Outboard powering is an optional extra. The price of this boat, china god and all, is \$4,700 f.o.b. New York. This is an extraordinarily low price for a 30-foot boat. However, there is an impressive number of sailors who think any price is too much to pay for a junk. They are invited to turn the page for a sampling of other old designs, less exotic than the junk, perhaps, but no less fun to own and sail.

CONTINUED



A CHINESE JUNK FOR U.S. SAILORS

Cabin of junk has full headroom, two double bunks, head, galley and space for a collapsible dining table. There are no hanging lockers in the cabin, but there is adequate storage space below deck forward and beneath bunks. Engine wells under poop deck take two 10-hp outboards.

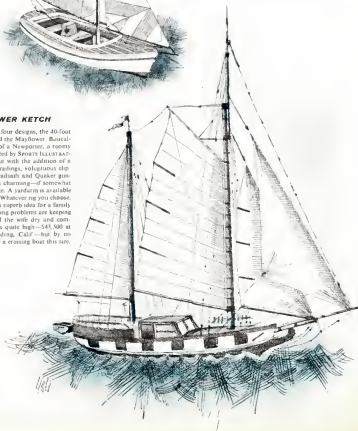


PACKET LAUNCH

About 150 years ago a breed of fast, tough government craft called packets carried mail and passengers on local runs along sheltered coastal waters. A descendant of these boats, a tight little sloop, has now been redesigned in fiber glass, purely as a pleasure boat. Only 18 feet long, with a draft of 3½ feet, the packet can be ordered from the Hudson River Boat Company of Costa Mesa, Calif., as a sliding-gunter rigged sailboat (left) or as a powerboat with a 30-hp inboard. The builder also offers the sailing version with the motor, but 30 horses seems a bit much for a sailboat this size. For a racing run, the packet may look a bit too tubby and short-rigged, but for the easy-going traditionalist, the price of \$4,400 is just right.

MAYFLOWER KETCH

A hybrid of three or four designs, the 40-foot ketch at right is called the Mayflower. Basically, she has the look of a Newporter, a roomy motor sloop introduced by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* five years ago. But with the addition of a poop deck, wooden railings, voluptuous clipper bow, multiple headsails and Quaker gunpoets, she takes on a charming—if somewhat confused—look of age. A yardarm is available as an optional extra. Whatever rig you choose, however, this boat is a superb idea for a family man whose main sailing problems are keeping the kids amused and the wife dry and comfortable. The price is quite high—\$48,500 at Newport Yacht Landing, Calif.—but by no means out of line for a cruising boat this size.



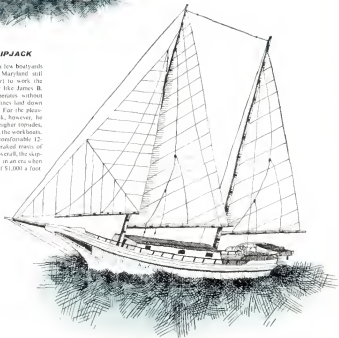


NORTH SEA TRAWLER

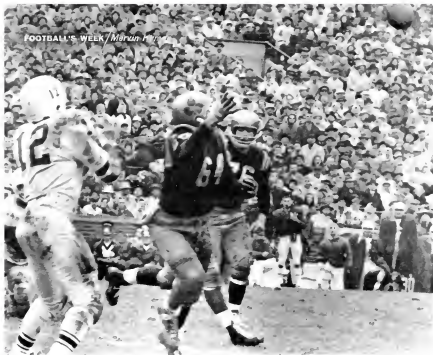
The 45-foot Torsk class boat (left) is a Norwegian commercial fisherman, adapted for long-distance cruising. Solidly built of Norway fir, she has a single 71-hp diesel, a set of steadying sails for her stubby masts and a crew's nest for spotting fish or lolling the boat into strange harbors. Above-deck she looks about as graceful and aristocratic as a Mack truck, but below she is pure luxury. There is a paneled stateroom complete with a polar-bear rug, a galley that could win a Good House-keeping award and a deckhouse saloon for cock-tailing and general ease. More important, there is no other cruising powerboat her size that can give a steadier, safer ride on the open ocean. Cost is \$43,000, at Lido Yacht Sales, Newport, Calif.

CHESAPEAKE SKIPJACK

As they have for generations, a few boatyards along the Eastern Shore of Maryland still hand-make the skipjack (right) to work the oyster bars. A typical builder like James B. Richardson of Cambridge operates without blueprints, using the general lines laid down by his father and grandfather. For the pleasure-boat version of the skipjack, however, he makes a few minor changes: higher topsides, larger cabin and lighter rig than the workboats. But the boat still retains the comfortable 12-foot beam and the distinctive raked masts of her ancestors. Thirty-four feet overall, the skipjack is a bargain—only \$7,000 in an era when an ocean racer costs up and of \$1,000 a foot.



DRAWINGS BY JOHN ALCOBN



WAITING FOR THE BALL, NORTHWESTERN'S AL KIMBROUGH (12) PREPARES TO CATCH THE PASS THAT UPSET NOTRE DAME

Comeback for the colleges

Upsets and surprise techniques have lured back lost fans in many sections of the U.S.

At midseason 1961, college football is an assured success. There have been upsets, such as Northwestern's 12-10 victory over Notre Dame (above) and Iowa's 9-0 loss to Purdue. There have also been an abnormal number of last-minute victories and exciting plays. But what has really made the season a success is the attendance, which is up as much as 40% in some parts of the country.

Responsibility for the renewed enthusiasm for college ball rests in large measure on the more volatile nature of the

game this year. Almost every good team (Ohio State is an exception) has abandoned the tried, conservative tactics of the split-T and taken a cue from the pros with split ends and slot and wing-backs and other diffusive deceptions. As a result, the ball is moving as it hasn't moved in years.

The "wild card" substitute, who can be injected into the game between every play, has also played an important role. Not only does this make it possible for coaches to preserve their quarterbacks from the hazards of defensive play but they can also send in specialists at almost anything from place-kicking to putting the evil eye on a 250-pound tackle. Mostly, however, the coaches use the wild card to send in new plays. As

one put it, "If the play works it's mine, if it doesn't it's the quarterback's."

Place-kicking is especially emphasized this year. With the wider goal posts introduced in 1959 to aim at, kickers have made good on 80% of their attempts (compared with 74.6% last year), and 31 major college teams have yet to miss a conversion kick. Once again, games are being won by field goals, such as Georgia's 52-yarder that beat Kentucky last week 16-15.

THE EAST

Pitt Coach John Michelosen, hanged in effigy two weeks earlier, came very much alive as his sleeping Panthers suddenly awakened to trounce Navy 28-14. Led by Quarterback Jim Traficant, who

continued



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broke away for two short touchdown runs, they slashed Navy's three alternating lines to huts with rollouts, half-back reverse fake passes and fullback traps. The Pitt defense was just as determined. It held the Navy runners to 73 yards while crashing. Ends Steve Jastrzembski and John Kuprok made life miserable for passer Ron Klemick.

Navy had company in its misery. Army, ambushed by a hard-charging West Virginia line, was never able to gather enough momentum to move the ball and lost to the husky Mountaineers 7-3. Fullback Glenn Holton poured through the leaky Cadet line for 121 yards in 18 carries and scored the only touchdown of the game on a nine-yard burst in the third quarter.

Beginning at last to look like the best team in the East, Penn State gathered forces behind Quarterback Galen Hall, who rolled out smoothly and passed for two touchdowns, and injured Halfback Deon Jonas, who kicked 34- and 28-yard field goals even though his right arm was wired, as the Nittany Lions stepped past California 33-16. Syracuse had Quarterback Dave Sarette back for Holy Cross, and the brave but outclassed Crusaders never had a chance. Sarette picked them apart with his precise passes and Halfback Ernie Davis pranced through and around them for two touchdowns as the Orangemen won 34-6. Villanova beat the Quontico Marines 34-0. Boston U. used a pair of touchdowns by sophomore Halfback Joe DiPietro to whip George Washington 20-6.

The Ivy League continued to suffer at the hands of unimpressed outsiders. While Harvard upset Dartmouth 21-15 and first-place Princeton barely made it past seventh-place Cornell 30-25, Penn, coached by John Stegman, late of Rutgers, collapsed before the Scarlet Knights. 20-6. Columbia fell to Lehigh 14-7. Brown to Rhode Island 12-9 and Yale to Colgate 14-8, giving the Red Raiders a complete sweep over the Big Three. The top three:

1. PENN STATE (4-2)
2. SYRACUSE (4-3)
3. NAVY (4-2)

THE SOUTH

Two weeks running Duke's Bill Murray watched Georgia Tech and Clemson render his lonely end useless with a two-man defense. Last Saturday he pulled the same trick against North Carolina

State while his aggressive linemen keyed on passer Roman Gabriel. It worked, and the Blue Devils won 17-6 when Quarterback Gil Garner fooled the Wolfpack with his passes and Sophomore Jay Wilkinson, son of the Oklahoma coach, ran a punt back 82 yards for a touchdown.

Maryland, which still had designs on the ACC title, will have to settle for something less after its game with South Carolina. The Gamecocks sent their tackles crashing in on Terp Quarterbacks Dick Shiner and Duck Novak and stopped them cold to win 20-10 as their own Quarterback Jim Costen passed for two scores from a conventional T. Now only North Carolina, which bowed to Miami 10-0, has a chance to keep Duke from its second straight championship.

While Mississippi rumbled past Vanderbilt 47-0, LSU sharpened its skills for Saturday night's SEC showdown between the two by beating Florida 23-0. Remembering Larry Libertore's 66-yard touchdown run on the first play last year, the gang-tackling Tigers, who were penalized 184 yards for their enthusiasm, held Florida's 137-pound Libertore to eight inches in eight carries and picked off one of his pitchouts in mid-air for a 25-yard touchdown.

Except for Georgia Tech and Georgia, the other SEC teams had their hands full with nonconference rivals. Tech, waiting patiently for the leaders to stumble, whopped Tulane 35-0. Georgia set Kentucky back on its heels with a booming 71-yard punt by Jake Saye, then topped it with a 52-yard field goal by Durward Pennington to upset the Wildcats 16-15. Auburn turned to the pass to beat Clemson 24-14. Tennessee turned back stubborn Chattanooga 20-7. Mississippi State took advantage of ailing Jim Earl Wright's inability to run, to end Memphis State's unbeaten streak, 23-16. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI (6-0)
2. ALABAMA (5-2)
3. GEORGIA TECH (5-1)

THE MIDWEST

The Big Ten, which had all but conceded the title to Michigan State, Ohio State or Iowa, now wasn't quite so sure. Michigan State and Ohio State continued to win, the Spartans rather easily over Indiana 35-0, the Buckeyes less easily over Wisconsin 30-21. But Iowa succumbed to Purdue 9-0, its first shutout since 1952. The Boilermakers, wallowing happily in the mud at Lafayette, alertly latched on



BACK OF THE WEEK: Kansas' John Hadl passed for two TDs, ran for third, kicked magnificently against Oklahoma State.

LINEMAN OF WEEK: Texas' Rob Moses caught five passes, two for scores, made key tackles to help thwart Rice runners.

to three Iowa fumbles and picked off two of Matt Szykowsky's passes, while their slower backs proved to be more sure-footed than the swift Hawkeyes.

Minnesota too was very much in contention after beating Michigan 23-20 for the dilapidated Little Brown Jug. Quarterback Sandy Stephens, a two-day-old benedict, had the time of his life, running and passing for 304 yards, but the Gophers won when rookie Tom Teigen shook Michigan's Bennie McCrae loose from the ball on the nine-yard line to set up Judge Dickson's touchdown plunge with 1:24 to go. Although hardly a title threat, Northwestern was nevertheless riding as high as Minnesota after beating Notre Dame 12-10.

Colorado and Missouri moved cautiously toward their Big Eight battle at Boulder next Saturday, but they both had an apprehensive eye on improved Kansas. The Buffs had to come from behind on the line-smashing of Fullback Loren Schweininger in the fourth quarter to beat Oklahoma 22-14 while Missouri, bogged down by its own fumbles, finally overcame Nebraska 10-0 on a 32-yard field goal by Bill Tobin and a three-yard plunge by Andy Russell. Kansas' John Hadl led the Jayhawks to a 42-8 victory over Oklahoma State. Dave Hoppman was only slightly less impressive than Hadl as Iowa State battered Kansas State 31-7. The Cowboy tailback surpassed 71 and 69 yards for touchdowns, ran for 271 yards in all, and passed 40 yards for a third score. The top three:

1. MICHIGAN STATE (5-2)
2. OHIO STATE (4-3)
3. COLORADO (5-3)

THE SOUTHWEST

For once, the Southwest Conference appeared to have an unbeatable leader—Texas. The powerful Longhorns, manipu-

continued



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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

lated with deadly proficiency by Quarterback Mike Cotten, ignored a potpourri of Rice defenses and stomped the poor Owls half to death to win 34-7. When Rice overshifted its line in the first half, Cotten cleverly exploited the weak side with thrusts by Fullback Ray Poage. When Rice moved into a balanced six-man line in the second half, Cotten worked on the strong side. He sent Halfback Jim Saxton through for a six-yard touchdown run, Halfback Jerry Cook through for 63 yards in seven carries on the way to another score and, in between, flipped a six-yard touchdown pass to End Bob Moses.

Continuing what may well turn out to be a futile chase, Texas A&M knocked Baylor out of the race, 23-0, and SMU, outrushed and outpassed by Texas Tech, beat the Raiders 8-7 in the final minutes.

Unbeaten Alabama got some unexpected resistance from Houston, but the Crimson had Quarterback Pat Trammell on its side, which was enough for a 17-0 win. The top three:

- 1. TEXAS (10-0)
- 2. ARKANSAS (6-0)
- 3. MICH (10-2)

THE WEST

Utah's big Redskins, grabbing a quick 6-0 lead, started out as if they were going to run Wyoming clear out of Salt Lake City's snow-filled Ute Stadium. But then the big Wyoming backs went to work. Chuck Lamson ripped the Utah line with keeper passes, Fullback Mike Walker bulldozed up the middle, and the steady pounding took its toll. Walker scored twice in the second half, and Wyoming won 13-6 to lay a firm hand on the Skyline title. Meanwhile, Utah State, the other contender, ran and ran until Idaho was humiliated 69-0.

It was hardly sensational football, but UCLA and USC both won. Stanford tried hard to blunt the UCLA shotgun with a five-man line, but it was futile and the Bruins won 20-0. USC, after going ahead of Illinois 14-10 on Pete Beathard's passing, watched in grateful amazement as the confused Illini milled around frantically on the Trojan six-yard line while time ran out. Up north, Oregon, which had lost to Washington by a single point for two straight years, beat the Huskies 7-6. The top three:

- 1. WYOMING (6-0-3)
- 2. UTAH STATE (6-0-3)
- 3. UCLA (4-3)

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Mississippi over LSU. The first real test for Ole Miss. LSU's Chinese Bandits aren't above stealing a ball game, but Mississippi has the better offense.

Georgia Tech over Florida. Tech, as strong as it is on defense, will have to find a way to stop Florida's elusive little Larry Liberator.

Penn State over Maryland. Galen Hall's talented passing and that determined Penn State defense will be too much for the Terps.

Colorado over Missouri. It could go either way. Missouri's backs are swifter, but Colorado's Joe Romig and the other brawny Buff linemen have an edge up front.

Iowa over Ohio State. If the Hawkeyes can't get through the stalwart Buckeyes, they can go over them with Matt Szykowsky's passes.

Michigan State over Minnesota. When two big lines batter each other, someone has to yield. The slower Gophers will be the first to give ground.

Michigan over Duke. The Wolverines are fit to be tied after the Minnesota loss—but not by Duke. Michigan's crisp attack will overwhelm the Blue Devils.

USC over Washington. Coach Jim Owens' Huskies will have their hands full. Pete Beathard's passes have made the Trojans harder to beat.

Arkansas over Texas A&M. The Porkers need this one to stay in the Southwest Conference race. George McKinney and Lance Alworth will get it for them.

Rice over Texas Tech. The Owls, who suffered such a rude awakening against Texas, are still strong enough to beat Tech.

Other games

- GARTMOUTH OVER YALE
- IOWA STATE OVER BOSTON COLLEGE
- KANSAS OVER NEBRASKA
- NOTRE DAME OVER NAVY
- OKLAHOMA OVER KANSAS STATE
- SYRACUSE OVER PITT
- TENNESSEE OVER NORTH CAROLINA
- TCU OVER BAYLOR
- UCLA OVER CALIFORNIA
- WYOMING OVER ARIZONA

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
15 RIGHT, 7 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD: 10-27-9



NEW FACES: Penn State sophomore Hal Powell (left) ran for 44 yards, scored on 51-yard pass to help beat Cal; Northwestern Halfback Larry Benz, who had never completed a college pass, beat Notre Dame with two of them.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED NOVEMBER 6, 1964



JOCKEY NAIMOV HOLDS FLOWERS AND TROPHY AFTER WINNING RUSSIAN DERBY

A grim Red challenge at Laurel

The determined Russians will throw two of their best colts at Kelso, the U.S. champion, in next week's International

If there were such an event as the world championship horse race, only three classes around the globe could rightfully contend for this honorary title. They are the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes in mid-July at Ascot, the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in early October at Longchamp and the Washington D.C. International at Laurel on Veterans Day. All three are run over the mile-and-a-half distance and over the internationally accepted grass surface.

However, because American owners are still reluctant to ship their best horses abroad for the first two of these events, the Laurel International is, in fact, the closest thing racing has to a world championship. Not all the best horses show

up at Laurel, but enough of them do to turn this unique and colorful spectacle into one of the finest racing events on this or any other continent.

Next week's 10th running of the International, sponsored by Laurel President John Schapiro (the track pays all transportation and housing costs for its invitees), will no doubt be accompanied by the usual criticisms. These come from racing people who have nothing to do with the race but are jealous that Laurel, and not some other major track, puts together a race that has won such wide public acceptance.

The great difference between this year's race and its predecessors is that the U.S. will be represented by the very best horse we have ever put into world-

wide competition, Kelso (see cover), running in the colors of Mrs. Richard C. duPont, gives the U.S. such a strong hand (four other entry will be Preston Madden's T.V. Lark) that we may have frightened off Europe's three best—Molvedo, Right Royal and St. Paddy—all of whom ranked high on Schapiro's invitation list.

On performance alone it would be hard to pick against Kelso next week. Some few do not like his chances because this will be his first start on a grass track. They conveniently forget that in 1934 Fiddlersman had never so much as galloped over grass until he was named a substitute entry for the injured High Gun just 48 hours before his winning race.

continued

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HORSE RACING

As a matter of fact, Kelso's accomplishments have been so outstanding this year (seven wins in eight starts) that he has already earned our Horse of the Year title for the second season in a row—no matter how he fares at Laurel. And to those who wonder what he can hope to gain by winning at Laurel (in addition to first money of \$70,000), his sporting owner has a most appropriate reply. Mrs. duPont, who plans to try Kelso over fences in the hunting fields of Maryland and Delaware, says, "Kelso has already proved he can run any distance from sprints to two miles. He has proved he can carry all the weight in the world. To those who claim that Kelso has yet to prove he can handle all kinds of tracks I say that we'll run at Laurel and show that the grass won't make any difference to him." In a final demonstration of Kelso's versatility, Mrs. duPont may eventually turn him over to her beautiful and talented daughter Lana for Olympic-type equestrian events.

It is a shame that Europe's best will not come over to challenge Kelso, Britain's St. Paddy has retired for the season. The Italian Molvedo, winner of the Arc de Triomphe, has also called it quits. France's Right Royal, second in the Arc, has gone to stud.

What does this leave as an invading force? Well, there are the third horse in the Arc, France's Misti, an assorted bunch from England, Ireland, Denmark, Argentina and Venezuela, and an entry from Russia that is coming to Laurel for the fourth time. The Reds are not making the trip to go sightseeing in the lovely Anne Arundel countryside of Maryland. In recent years they have put into their racing the same determination to succeed that has marked their advances in track and field, in ice hockey, basketball and, to a lesser degree, in international tennis. In 1958 they finished sixth and last; in 1959 they were fifth and eighth; last year they were third and fourth. This year one of their entries is the 4-year-old Zabeg, who finished third a year ago, beaten only three lengths by Bald Eagle. He would have been second if his Russian jockey had remembered the correct procedure for claiming a foul. That jockey, who has been on the leading Soviet finisher for the last three Internationals, is a prickly-faced man named Nikolai Nasibov.

Nasibov is more than his country's

leading jockey; he is an exceptional rider by anybody's standards. At Laurel he has withstood a number of nerve-racking false starts. Through quick thinking, he skillfully avoided a dangerous fall in the 1959 race when two horses went down almost directly in front of him. Last year he rode Zabeg with an excellent sense of pace, and this year the same team will hardly be rattled by anything around them, including the tactics of our own old pros, Johnny Longden and Eddie Arcaro. The other Russian horse is called Erpich, his rider is a newcomer here named Aleksei Garmish, and your guess is as good as mine about what to expect of them. The Russians aren't talking.

Notwithstanding the probable improvement of Russia's Zabeg, I think France's Misti may be the more dangerous European challenger. His owner, perfume manufacturer Comte Guislaume d'Ornano, describes his 3-year-old brown son of Medium, out of the mare Mist, as the kind of very fast colt with a good, yet not too heavy build "that I believe is just right for Laurel." When Comte d'Ornano was advised that foreign horses seem unable to make much of an impression at Laurel unless they are fitted to American shoes with calks or toes (disallowed in France) he replied, "People who have raced at Laurel have told me the same thing. For your type of course and with the pre-dominance of speed in your races, it is probably true that unless a European horse is five or six lengths the best of his field, he should wear American plates at Laurel. Misti will wear them."

Some from Caracas

England's High Perch and Denmark's Wonderboy have nothing in particular to recommend them as serious threats next week. The same can be said for the 3-year-old filly with the Gaelic name of Sail Cheoil, owned by Ireland's in-and-out-again President Eamon de Valera. Last week's Clasico Simon Bolivar in Caracas may provide one or more starters; Schapiro is sounding out the owners of Prenupcial, Klick and Rebecca II.

No matter who wins the 10th International this is a racegoer's day for fun and excitement. It is a day, too, when Europeans often show us something about sportsmanship. Next Saturday Mrs. duPont is not only going to match that sportsmanship but she is going to give those at Laurel a view of the best race horse in the world.

END



YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO DODGE. Consider these facts. The 1962 Dodge Dart 440 (the red car) is a full-size, low price Dodge that will accelerate 7% quicker than last year's comparable model, and do it on 5% less fuel. The 1962 Dodge Lancer GT (the white car) is America's first Sports Compact. It has bucket seats, an excellent ride and plenty of snap. Both of these cars have chair-high seats. Both have rustproofed bodies. And both will go 32,000 miles between grease jobs. **COME IN AND DRIVE THE NEW LEAN BREED OF DODGE.**



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In sport a firm grip goes hand in hand with a good working glove, and some 105 million American sportsmen need a glove to be more than just something to keep their hands warm. A proper glove will give traction for more control and protection without loss of sensitivity. A shooting glove, for instance, must have minimum finger seams and bulk for ready trigger response and leather palms for a firm grip, and working sailors need more than makeshift improvisations to protect their hands from burns, bruises and abrasions while handling a slippery wet sheet.

There is good news for these sportsmen, and many more, in the display of handwear on the opposite page. Not only hunters and sailors but also bowlers, skiers, drivers, golfers and archery enthusiasts have found a friend in the American Astral glove company, which has come up with a new concept in active-sport gloves. Named Sportsmaster, they combine Hytron stretch-nylon insets with leather to insure snug fit with sufficient "give" for retraction and expansion in active sport. Furthermore, there is one size for men and another for women. Reading clockwise and by number (left), these are some of the styles available:

1) The men's driving glove has hidden stretch forchettes between the crocheted cotton back and ventilated mocha suede palm (\$59). 2) The ski glove is treated to be soft, tacky (an adhesive quality achieved in tanning) and waterproof (\$10). 3) The sturdy hunting glove is made of degreased pigskin, thin enough to work easily on the trigger of a rifle yet thick enough for warmth, and with deerskin strips to provide strength where wear will be hardest (\$10). 4) For golfers, soft Cabretta leather is combined with a ventilated Hytron back to make a lightweight, cool, half-finger glove (\$2). 5) For sailors who haven't acquired protective calluses, there is a glove made of goatskin that will give plenty of traction on a wet line. The stretch insets and snap closing insure snug fit (\$10). 6) The zipper on the women's driving glove facilitates putting it on and removing it quickly (\$7.50). 7) Stretch forchettes and shirring on this golf glove for women make it fit like a second skin (\$4). 8) The bowlers' dilemma is to keep the ball from slipping off the fingers rather than leaving with enough friction for a good lift and hook. The women's glove is made of tough featherweight leather tanned for tackiness and combined with Hytron. Made for the right and left hand (\$4). 9) The archery glove is constructed to protect the fingers for a full draw on the bowstring. The stiff seamless hide tips permit a smooth release (\$2). All the gloves are available at the following stores: Saks Fifth Ave., New York; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Bon Marche, Seattle. **END**



HUNTER ELLIS MASON AND SON DUANE, 15, SCOUR GLACIER-CARVED GORGES OF STEENS MOUNTAIN FOR SIGNS OF MULE DEER

An Iron Curtain across the West

Oregon just opened up a mountain, but a big part of the choice public land in the West is still closed to the outdoorsmen who own it

On the high plateaus of the Steens Mountain country in southeast Oregon, the nights have turned bitter cold. There are crustings of ice on the boulders and in the backwaters of Wildhorse Creek, Fish Creek, the Big Blitzen and the other streams that have cut their steep canyons into the red-brown table rock. For almost two months now these canyons have been alive with mule deer—sleek, alert creatures driven down by the summer-long drought to browse on the leaves and grass along the water's edge. There are almost 14,000 head in the Steens herd, one of the finest concentrations of deer anywhere in the U.S., and during the Oregon deer season, one of the most thoroughly shot over.

From the time the season opened September 30 until the echoes of the last volley died on October 22, an estimated 3,500 hunters came into the 455,040 acres of public hunting land in the Steens area, winding up the two dirt roads that lead to the top of the moun-

tain. Comfort lovers rolled past in shiny sedans with house trailers in tow. More rugged types came bouncing in by jeep, and the hardest of all trucked their pack-horses and burros only as far as the first ridges, there to camp, track down trophies and pack them out by horseback.

Whatever way they approached, they got good shooting—almost 60% of the hunters came out with deer meat. But far more important, at least for game officials and for local ranchers to whom the U.S. government long ago granted grazing rights in the Steens country, was what these hunters did not bring back. There were no dead calves stuffed into auto trunks, no sheep hidden under tarpaulins, no fences cut, no residue of ill will between ranchers and hunters. By most standards, the deer season at Steens Mountain was a resounding success. As such, it points the way to the solution of a problem that plagues outdoorsmen all over the country, but particularly those in the West.

The fact is that much of the marvelously large and varied public land in the U.S., many million acres of it, is barely accessible to the public that owns it. The Oregon Game Commission made a special survey two years ago which showed that 112 private holdings along the fringes or in narrow strips through public lands were barring access to some 500,000 public acres in Oregon. Three years ago nearly 1,500,000 were so blocked in Colorado.

One Colorado owner of a string ranch, a narrow but long piece of property adjoining a river, extracts \$50 for the right to cross a few hundred yards of his fief into the public domain—a money-making venture that is entirely legal. A landowner in Oregon collects fees of \$25 for the privilege of crossing his land to hunt in a national forest. A rancher in the southeastern part of Oregon has been fattening his income with a \$25-per-year assessment for deer hunting on his extensive holding. Some ranchers don't particularly profit from such enterprises but insist on charges as a point of psychological privilege. "If people want to trample over my grazing lands and scare

my cattle," said one, "they ought at least to pay me something."

The landowners have a point. For one thing, they have the legal right to forbid any or all trespass on their property. For another, there has been a long, dreary history of stupidity and vandalism that would tax the patience of the most generous landowner. Said one Idaho cattleman, "I don't see how a hunter could mistake a Holstein bull for a buck deer, but he shot it right through the head." A Colorado rancher complained, "This jerk cut my fence, drove his jeep through, got stuck in the meadow and then had the guts to come and ask me to pull him out." In the Steens area a small rancher heard shooting from a field where he kept 200 heifers. He drove out to discover that a hunter had pumped 23 rifle bullets into their water tank.

So the ranchers fence their land and put up no trespassing signs. But they also have fenced and posted adjoining federal lands, where they have grazing rights but no right to deny access for any legitimate purpose, including hunting. They also have played a little rough, on occasion, escorting sportsmen off their land at shotgun point and, on one stretch of prime fishing land along the lower Deschutes River in Oregon, dynamiting two old railroad tunnels that provided the only access.

And they have gotten away with it, too, partly because ranchers are a tightly organized bunch with friends at court, and partly because, in the endless patchwork of land ownership in the West, it is sometimes hard for a hunter to know exactly where private land ends and federal land begins.

But powerful as they are, the landowners are a comparatively small crowd, and it was inevitable that once the hunters—of which 310,000 hold Oregon licenses—got together, they would begin to shout down the landowners. The shout that got matters stirring came early in 1959 when a group of Oregon ranchers tried to get full control of a choice parcel of rangeland and close it off to public use. The Portland, Ore. chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, led by Attorney L. C. Binford, let out a howl of protest. And then, unlike a great many other well-meaning outdoor groups that specialize in howls, they acted.

First, they publicized the entire access problem, using Steens Mountain as Exhibit A. Here was a big chunk of federal land, filled with fat deer and equally

continued

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HUNTING

fat cattle and sheep, bordered in some places by private lands but not so cut up and restricted that every access question was too hopelessly complicated to settle. In the summer the league took 150 state and federal officials and sportsmen into the Steens area for a look around. The visitors were impressed. The late Senator Richard L. Neuberger was so impressed he invoked a hearing on access for October 9, 1959. More than 100 access problems were aired. As a result of the hearing, the Bureau of Land Management, which is responsible for the public land in Steens and throughout much of the West, brought together the cattlemen, lumber interests, woolgrowers, conservationists and sportsmen of three states to air their grievances.

For Oregonians these Bureau meetings had two important results. First, Russell E. Getty, state director of the Bureau, persuaded his bosses in Washington to reclassify all public acreage in the Steens as "balanced multiple-use" land. This did not newly open the area—technically it was already open. But it did place recreational use of the land on an equal footing with grazing, and it meant that Land Management men were empowered to prevent its domination by any special-interest activity, in this case, sheep and cattle.

The other result was the formation of a large and genial group of hunters and game officers called the Steens Mountain Resource Committee, which managed to talk the biggest single landholder in the Steens, the Allied Land and Livestock Co., into opening up 70,000 acres. In return, the committee guaranteed to protect livestock by marking certain plots off limits to hunters; Allied holds its cattle in these plots during the season. Another big ranch, the Alvord, agreed to keep gates unlocked and to allow hunters to use their private feeder roads, and even to permit some hunting on private land. In the midst of all this, Getty was able to squeeze \$145,000 out of his meager federal budget to improve and extend the main public access roads the hunters used this month to reach the top of Steens Mountain.

Meanwhile, the Oregon Fish and Game commissions, which had helped persuade Allied to open up, bought acreage around one of the lakes, stocked the lake with rainbows and browns and turned it into a summer attraction for fishermen. As a special dividend for fu-

ture hunters, they also transplanted a nucleus of 11 wild bighorn sheep from the Hart Mountain Refuge into Steens.

Last season, the first under the new program of enlightened access, 3,454 hunters took 2,738 deer, more than double the kill recorded three years before. In addition to deer hunters and more than 5,000 fishermen, 600 bird shooters and 5,000 campers made use of the area in the 1960 season. This past summer the numbers were even higher, and in the deer season just closed the take of animals would have surpassed 1960 had it not been for the drought that pushed the deer into remote canyons.

There is still one big landowner holding out in Steens—Rex Clemens, a lumberman, whose 9,000-acre spread on the



STEENS' MULE DEER BROWSE IN SNOW

West slope controls handy access to perhaps 70,000 acres of public domain. For that matter, there are stubborn men holding out all over the West. "We've got some unmanageable hunters and some hard-nosed ranchers," says Wildlife Superintendent John Scharff, "and they'll never resolve their differences." But for hundreds of thousands of others, the success on Steens Mountain has shown the way toward opening up immense tracts of choice public land, not only to Westerners but to outdoorsmen all over the country. "With the jets and a few hundred dollars," says John McKean, operations chief for the Oregon Game Commission, "these areas are now as accessible to someone in New York as to the locals."

END

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PRO FOOTBALL / Tex Maule

The patterns take shape

San Diego has it made in the AFL, but in the NFL the Packers and Eagles may encounter trouble

The rise and fall of the shotgun offense marked the first half of the pro football season in the National Football League: in the American League it was the rocketing rise of the San Diego Chargers, both in performance and in attendance.

There were, of course, surprises in both leagues. In the National, the Chicago Bears, building slowly around new Quarterback Bill Wade and some rookie receivers—John Farnham and Mike Ditka—hit their stride just in time to spike Red Hickey's shotgun. The Bears, picked for sixth by some observers before the start of the season, seem a good choice now for one of the first three places. This is not a fluke team; George Halas said before the season started, "We're being underestimated. We're a young club and we'll get better game by game. Wade is the quarterback I've been looking for. We talk football the same way."

In the West, the Green Bay Packers, the conference leaders, were everyone's choice for conference champion before the season began. If there is anything surprising about the Packers now, it is that they are stronger than they were expected to be. Bart Starr has attained his doctorate as a pro quarterback, and Jim Taylor, who ran over people by preference last year, has learned to run around them occasionally. Should Paul Hornung go into the Army, the Packer attack will suffer from lack of a truly competent place kicker and from the absence of Hornung's threat as a thrower-runner on the option pass, but Tom Moore, his replacement, runs as fast—and nearly as hard—as Hornung. A more serious loss could be that of Boyd Dowler, the giant Green Bay flanker back. Gary Knefel, who probably will fill in for Dowler, is a good but not ex-



ROOKIE STAR IS GIANTS' BOB GAITERS

ceptional receiver. The departure of Ray Nitschke, again to the service, at middle backer cuts down on the Packer depth, but Tom Bettis, his experienced replacement, is just as good.

A surprise during the second half of the season in the West might very well be the Baltimore Colts, losers Sunday by a point to the Bears. Weeb Ewbank's club suffered from injuries and from a leaky line during the early games. Now Raymond Berry, probably the best short-yardage end in football, has returned, and Ewbank apparently has plugged the hole in the middle of the

Colt line by moving Bill Pellington from a corner-linebacking spot into the middle. John Unitas, still the best quarterback in football despite hard times during the first half of the season, has recovered from a finger injury and is getting better protection on passes. The Colts continue to have the most dangerous passing attack in the game with Unitas throwing to Berry, Lenny Moore and Jimmy Orr.

The biggest question in the West is the 49ers. Hickey's club is young, ebullient and, when the shotgun was a surprise, explosive. Now, through the second half of the season, the 49ers will be playing teams that have looked at the shotgun once and which are, consequently, better prepared to defend against it. If the Bear game and Sunday's loss to the Pittsburgh Steelers are indicators, it may be necessary for Hickey to go back to a mixed offense, using some slot-T plays to vary the shotgun and to give the defensive coaches in the league more to worry about in preparation for the 49ers.

In the East, the New York Giants and the Philadelphia Eagles, both under-rated at the start of the season, have been growing stronger by the week. Despite the Giants' one-point loss to Dallas this week, the Eastern championship should be decided by the two New York-Philadelphia clashes on November 12 and December 10. Some brilliant trades, which brought them a championship quarterback (Y. A. Tittle), two fast pass catchers (Del Shofner and Joe Walton) and a crackerjack defensive halfback (Ench Barnes), perked up the Giants. With the rapid development of Bob Gaiters, a rookie halfback, and the return of Alex Webster to form, the Giant attack has looked stronger this year than it has in the last five. The defense, after two egregious games, has jelled again into the most grudging in football; if the offense continues to improve, the Giants may very well emulate the New York Yankees.

The success of the Eagles is predated upon a cheerful young man named Sonny Jurgensen who has replaced Norman Van Brocklin at quarterback. Jurgensen, under more pressure than any other quarterback in the league, has responded nobly. The Eagles have lost none of their pass attack and have a better running game with a healthy Billy Barnes and a wiser Ted Dean carrying the ball. They are deep in running backs and have the best long receiver in the game in Tommy

continued

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PRO FOOTBALL continued

McDonald and one of the best all-round pass catchers in Pete Ruzlaff.

The Eagle defense, which is built on the wisdom of experience embodied in players like Don Burroughs and Tom Brookshier in the secondary and Chuck Bednarik at linebacker, sometimes seems to sag but never when a loss appears imminent.

Dark horse of the second half in the East could be the St. Louis Cardinals, a club which survived a horrendous series of injuries to key personnel during the first five weeks but still managed to come through the toughest first-half schedule in the league with a 3-4 record. With John David Crow back and healthy, and Sam Etcheverry, the ex-Canadian pro, restored to working order, the Cardinals might threaten the leaders in early December.

The Cleveland Browns, who beat the Cards Sunday, had been the popular choice to win the Eastern championship at the start of the season. However, they have had difficulty with a somewhat porous secondary defense. Too, Milt Plum, the fine Cleveland quarterback, has had a thumb injury. With their pass offense halted, and only a medium-strong offensive line, they cannot depend upon their running, even with Jim Brown and Bobby Mitchell carrying the ball. The Browns will suffer a big loss when Mitchell goes into the service at the beginning of the second half of the season, and they must now play the tougher half of their schedule.

Almost the whole story in the American Football League is San Diego, a club which outclasses its league as much as did the Cleveland Browns in the days of the old All-America Conference. San Diego, which has yet to lose a game, might have been brought somewhat nearer to its AFL competition if Quarterback Jack Kemp had had to go on duty with the Army reserve. But Kemp has been given a six-month deferment, and the only question in the AFL is which of the Eastern Division teams will be forced to meet the Chargers in the championship game.

The four teams struggling for that rather frightening assignment are the New York Titans, the Boston Patriots, the Buffalo Bills and the Houston Oilers, last year's AFL champion. Although the Oilers, after an inept beginning under Head Coach Lou Rymkus, are at present in third place, they seem, still, to

have the best players of the four teams. They have two good quarterbacks in George Blanda and Jack Lee; they also have as good running backs as any other club—excepting San Diego—in Billy Cannon and Chuck Telar. By making Wally Lemm the new head coach, the Oilers may have solved their problems of morale, the only real problem the club had.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts	Yds	Pts	Pts	Comp
		Back			
PACKERS VS	28	157	221	19-25	
VIKINGS	10	142	138	10-28	
LIONS VS	28	168	241	11-23	
RAIRS	10	100	149	14-25	
STEELERS VS	20	156	48	6-32	
49ERS	10	92	164	12-30	
BROWNS VS	21	224	167	9-9	
CARDINALS	10	77	118	10-24	
BEARS VS	21	142	199	13-28	
COLTS	20	80	257	17-31	
EAGLES VS	27	—37	413	21-41	
PIGSKINS	24	77	258	21-31	
COWBOYS VS	17	148	387	15-28	
GIANTS	18	118	350	16-33	

WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
GREEN BAY	6	1	0	.857
CHICAGO	5	2	0	.714
SAN FRANCISCO	4	3	0	.571
DETROIT	4	3	0	.571
BALTIMORE	3	4	0	.429
MINNESOTA	1	6	0	.143
LOS ANGELES	1	6	0	.143

EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
PHILADELPHIA	6	0	0	.857
CLEVELAND	5	2	0	.714
NEW YORK	5	2	0	.714
DALLAS	4	3	0	.571
ST. LOUIS	3	4	0	.429
PITTSBURGH	2	5	0	.286
WASHINGTON	0	7	0	.000

AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts	Yds	Pts	Pts	Comp
		Back			
CHARGERS VS	37	161	211	13-33	
BROWNS	6	78	228	21-45	
PATRIOTS VS	18	146	274	17-38	
TEXANS	17	87	204	14-33	
TITANS VS.	14	270	77	8-33	
RAIDERS	6	105	32	8-36	
OILERS VS	28	50	464	18-37	
BILLS	18	99	274	19-51	

EASTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
BOSTON	4	3	1	.571
NEW YORK	4	3	0	.571
HOUSTON	3	3	1	.500
BUFFALO	3	5	0	.375

WESTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
SAN DIEGO	8	0	0	1.000
DALLAS	3	4	0	.429
DENVER	3	5	0	.375
DARLAND	1	6	0	.143



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An aerial photograph of a rural landscape. The foreground is a large, flat, light-colored field. In the middle ground, there is a line of trees and a small cluster of buildings. The background shows more fields and trees. The title "A Silence in the Sky" is overlaid in white serif font.

A Silence in the Sky

by ROY TERRELL

In 1936 there were 600 sailplane pilots in the U.S., or about one for every 1,000 households—an arrangement endorsed by both the Audubon Society and society in general. The sport of soaring was judged extremely valuable, and our military leaders conspired to keep gliders from cluttering up their traffic patterns, and small boys with air rifles considered them better targets than the neighbors' cats. In "Government by the People" Burns and Pelton included the Soaring Society of America among oddball organizations, along with the American Sunbathers' Association and the Blizzard Men of 1858.

continued



Then, slowly, soaring began to grow. Denied governmental subsidies available in Europe—there are 50,000 sailplane pilots in Germany alone—unencouraged by artificial stimulation of any kind and handicapped by a shortage of facilities, the long-winged little craft began to dot the skies in ever-increasing numbers over the Pacific beaches and the ranges of the Sierra, over the plains of Texas and the Appalachian ridges. Much of the impetus was supplied by former military pilots, disenchanted with the failure of private aviation to live up to its postwar promise, yet unwilling to divorce themselves completely from the sky. By 1958 the number of registered soaring addicts in the U.S. had grown to 1,350, and there are more than 3,000 of them today. The numbers are still modest as sporting booms go, and because of an old law concerning the gravitational acceleration of terrestrial bodies toward the center of the earth, sailing in the sky will perhaps never attain the popularity of sailing on the sea. Yet the buzzards are beginning to look worried.

One of the centers of this esoteric sport is in Elmira, N.Y., partly because of its topography, partly because of the presence there of three brothers named Schweizer. Elmira is located in that rolling, wooded area of New York state lying between the Finger Lakes and the Pennsylvania border, and it is known as the Glider Capital of America, at least in Elmira. You come down Route 17, past Binghamton, where Whitey Ford struck out 151 batters one year, along the Susquehanna River, past Owego and Waverly, and eventually you find yourself in Elmira. Mark Twain is buried there, and all of the motels are named Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn. They might try calling one The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg and see what that would do for the tourist business.

Outside Elmira, in a sleepy little valley to the west, sprawls the village of Horseheads, where local legend says there was once an Indian massacre and local cynics say there was once a slaughterhouse. Outside Horseheads sits Chemung County Airport, and on the other side of the airport sits the Schweizer Aircraft Corporation and its appendage, the Schweizer

Soaring School. In 1957, 500 sailplane flights were logged there. This year there will be almost 5,000.

Just as it is difficult to reach the Schweizer Soaring School without passing Mark Twain, it is almost impossible to get to the Schweizers themselves without starting at Otto Lilienthal. Lilienthal was a crazy Pomeranian who in 1891 built a contraption of peeled willow rods, covered it with a waxed fabric and, by galloping furiously off a hill and into space while wearing this thing, managed to become the first glider pilot. Eventually he crashed and killed himself, of course, but not before setting a record flight of 900 feet and contaminating others with his madness. Especially despondent were the Pomeranians, who used to gather by the hundreds to watch old Otto perform and now found themselves with nothing to do on Sunday afternoons but raise those funny-looking little dogs.

Lilienthal was the first glider pilot. The first soaring pilot was Orville Wright. While testing a stabilizing device for his newfangled aeroplane, Orville launched himself in a glider one day in 1911, caught a slope wave and went up instead of down. He remained aloft for nine minutes and 45 seconds. It was a record, but hardly anyone was excited, least of all Orville, who had work to do back on the ground.

After World War I the Germans took over. Denied an air force by the Versailles Treaty, they turned to gliders and established an operating base in the Rhön Mountains. There the Germans really discovered soaring and built the first true sailplanes, feathery little craft with long tapered wings that would do much more than merely slide down the sky. Day after day the fledgling *Luftwaffe* pilots soared, rather than glided, flying higher and higher, spanning ever greater distances. Usually they rode the strong winds that roared up the ridges, but one day a pilot named Max Kegel was sucked up in a thunderstorm and doubled the old distance record before he could get down. Then a young Austrian, Robert Kronfeld, discovered that upwinds exist even under light cumulus-cloud formations, and off Robert went across country, hopping from one cloud base to another. In 1928 he soared from the Wasserkuppe to Himmelstankberg and back to

the Wasserkuppe, which is hard enough to pronounce without having to fly it.

And that same year soaring came to America. At the instigation of J. C. Penney, who must have figured that sailplane pilots wore out a lot of pants, the Germans brought a glider to Cape Cod. From the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers once spent part of a miserable winter munching on maize, they soared off Corn Hill.

The first U.S. soaring meet was held in 1930 at Elmira, and that October a famed German pilot and designer named Wolf Hirth made a historic flight. Eschewing cloud formations and ridge currents, Hirth took off cross-country from Elmira, depending for his lift only upon thermals, those helpful bubbles of hot air that arise on sunny days from plowed fields and the tin roofs of factories and old automobile junk heaps. He landed 54 miles away near Apalachia.

In 1932 the Soaring Society of America was formed. Originally it was called the American Soaring Society, but the members changed the name in a hurry when they began to think about a letterhead. But soaring didn't really begin to grow in America until the Schweizer boys, Ernie and Paul and Will, came along.

The Schweizers were Swiss, sons of the chef at the old Carnegie Hall Restaurant, and they can remember their father toiling over a special omelette for Fritz Kreisler, who was something of a personal pet. They used to slip backstage and watch Toscanini warm up. But most of their time, when not in school, was spent in the family barn at Peekskill. They were building a glider.

"Papa couldn't drive a nail," says Ernie, "and he wasn't very sympathetic with our project. As a matter of fact, he didn't know about it. When he came home from the city, we always told him we'd been playing ball."

"Ernie really designed the glider," says Paul, who is a year younger and who later became the family's prize competitive sailplane pilot. "That was in '29. Ernie was 16 then, a senior in high school. I helped. Will was only 11, not old enough to do very much. Ernie was always the genius of the family. He used to win all the math and physics prizes

in school, without cracking a book. He worked out the stress analyses on that first glider from some article he read. It was rudimentary but rather impressive just the same."

The most impressive thing was that it flew, or at least glided. A gang of neighborhood kids would launch it with an elastic shock cord, and off Ernie or Paul would go, gliding down the sloping meadow near their home. They seldom got higher than 10 feet off the ground, and although Paul once piled into a stone wall at the end of the field no one was ever hurt.

"That was because of Ernie, too," says Paul. "He always had a mania for safety. He was conservative, even as a kid. He built gliders that could take a real beating. I remember how stunned he was when he first heard of a major glider accident and learned the details. Dry rot in a balsa wood wing. 'How could anyone be so careless?' he said."

Today Ernie Schweizer is as intolerant as ever toward shoddy construction and design. A big, balding man, whose only outside interests are photography and fishing, he wanders through his factory with a slide rule in each hand, strewing pipe ashes everywhere, his shirttail hanging over the seat of his pants—and he still builds the world's safest gliders. In 1939, a few years after the two older brothers graduated from New York University with degrees in aeronautical engineering, they moved to Elmira. And that is where the Schweizers are now, in a little valley below Harris Hill, building sailplanes.

Ernie is the design man, the engineer. Paul, a huckster who says he is married to soaring and that no one else will have him, handles most of the business details and acts as contact man with soaring enthusiasts all over the world. Will has three sons and a daughter who play golf and tennis and ski and argue heatedly year round over the relative merits of the Cleveland Browns and New York Giants; Will deals with the firms that subcontract to the Schweizers. It is a good team, and anyone who soars in America today is in their debt.

The Schweizer factory looks, at least to the uninitiated eye, like Boeing's Seattle bomber plant in miniature. At one end sailplanes begin in a hopeless welter

of tubular steel and sheet aluminum and welding sparks. A few days later they emerge from the other end, glistening and dainty, ready to soar off into the skies over Texas and California and Canada and Pakistan.

There are about 300 employees at the plant, and they manage to sneak away from organized labor's most popular innovation, the legal coffee break, often enough to get an amazing amount of work done. Many of them went to work there during World War II, when the

They are planning to go into production soon on a high-performance two-seater, which can be flown in competition by either one or two men and will also answer the growing demand for a good family sailplane. The Schweizers also build the Grumman AG-Cat, a crop duster, and do subcontract work for Grumman, Fairchild, Bell, Sperry Rand and Republic.

"It's not a big business," said Paul Schweizer. "The subcontracts keep us going. I guess we could build metal



Schweizer brothers Ernie, Paul and Will (left to right) check 1-26 fuselage on assembly line.

Schweizers built training sailplanes for the Army and Navy and subcontracted parts for the C-46 and C-82. After the war there was a slump when all the training sailplanes the Schweizers built came back to glut the market and haunt them, but in 1956 business began to pick up again. That year the factory turned out one sailplane a month. Today the plant produces two a week, half of them scheduled for civilian consumption, the rest to fulfill a foreign military contract. The Schweizers sell three production models: the 2-22, a trainer (\$3,450 assembled, \$2,675 in kit form); the 1-26, a single-place, all-metal sailplane (\$3,395 assembled, \$2,095 kit); and the high-performance 1-23 (\$5,295 assembled),

boats or luggage and make more money. But we like to build sailplanes. This is our life and we enjoy it. Come along to ground school."

I hadn't flown anything in six years, but suddenly there I was, in ground school with three other would-be glider pilots. One was a beginner, who had never flown before. "I don't like airplanes," he said, "but I've always been fascinated by soaring." The other two were licensed power pilots.

The ground school instructor was Tony Doherty, who also happens to be the sales manager. On weekends, when business is heavy, he sometimes flies a towplane, too. It is that kind of school.

"The first thing I want to impress

continued

Soaring *continued*

upon you," Doherty told the class, "is that soaring is safe. When it began there were crashes, and a few people were killed. The sport received a lot of bad publicity. Well, we've more than lived that down. Today, an accident of any kind is extremely rare. In 20,000 flights at this school we have had only one injury, very minor. A woman tried to three-point a 2-22 and strained her back. The last fatal accident at Chemung County Airport occurred 15 years ago. A tow car overturned and killed the driver.

"Ninety percent of the students we get now," he explained, "are power pilots. We had 25 airline captains go through here last year. Flying a power plane can become monotonous; too much mechanization, too much noise, not enough sport. If you have an exciting flight in a power plane, it means something was unusual, something went wrong. In a sailplane almost every flight is exciting."

"Oh?" said a student.

"In a pleasant way, of course," said Doherty. "Soaring is fun. And for a pilot who already knows how to fly and knows something about FAA regulations and meteorology and aerodynamics, soaring is easy. A little dual instruction and off you go."

Doherty looked the class over and smiled. "A child," he said, "can fly one of these." Maybe, I thought, I should go home and send one of my sons up here. Still, it was very reassuring.

Doherty told us about the Schweizer sailplanes we were to fly, which was even more assuring. These are truly remarkable machines. The 1-26, for example, without its fabric covering, looks like a replacement part for the Brooklyn Bridge. Built around a frame of tubular steel rods, it is stressed to withstand 9½ positive Gs and 6½ negative Gs, far more than any light plane, more than most military types. You can roll a 1-26 and loop it and even do outside maneuvers in complete safety, if you happen to be unbalanced enough to enjoy outside maneuvers. Because the 1-26 weighs less

than 400 pounds, yet boasts such amazing structural strength, it is possible to dive one into the ground from 300 feet and walk away. No such guarantee comes with the 1-26, but it has been done. There is little point in making a sailplane so sturdy, but that is the way Ernie Schweizer operates.

"We don't mind giving up a little performance," he says, "to keep people alive."

"Chances are," said Doherty, "you'll never find out how tough they are. You have to work pretty hard to get in trouble. A well-designed sailplane is almost impossible to spin. There is no motor, so there is no torque, and you can recover from a stall in 30 or 40 feet. The spoilers on the wings—they resemble the dive brakes on a jet—enable you to control your descent. Spot landings are very simple. Because the sailplane is so light, the brakes are unusually effective. And because there is only one main landing wheel, crosswind landings are no trouble at all. Even after you touch down, you can keep the upwind wing lowered. You

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can hardly ground-loop one if you try.

"Still," he said, "these are airplanes. They will come down. And for some reason, power pilots have the most difficulty remembering this. At first, an experienced pilot doesn't completely trust a sailplane. Then, after a few flights, he shifts to the other extreme; he thinks he can stay up forever. We borrow a skin-diving phrase and call it rapture of the heights. So don't get overconfident. Plan your flight, watch the terrain and your altitude, always be sure that you can reach the airport. If you are forced to land on a highway or in some farmer's field, you won't have any trouble. But it's embarrassing, and we have to come after you and take the wings off the plane and load it on a trailer. It's much easier to land here."

Everyone made a vow to stay out of farmers' fields. Doherty issued a few more warnings. "Never," he said, "get out of a sailplane on the ground with the towrope attached. When the tow pilot gets the signal from your wing-

man that you are all buckled in, ready to go, and the towline is hooked up, he calls the tower for takeoff clearance. When he gets the green light he goes. If the sailplane pilot has suddenly remembered that he left his sunglasses or cigarettes or something behind and gets out, off the towplane goes without him, trailing an empty glider behind. It has happened. If you have to go to the bathroom," said Doherty, "first pull the release knob."

Then Bernie Carris came in and led the class to the flight line.

Carris is 39 years old, and he has been chief flight instructor for the Schweizers since 1950. He was a B-17 tail gunner during the war, not a pilot, but one day from his home in Big Flats, just the other side of the airport, he wandered over to see what this soaring business was all about. He hasn't escaped yet. He has pilot's wrinkles around his eyes now, a quiet sense of humor and an extremely brown head. "I don't know what happened to my hair," he says. "It was all there until I began to teach people how

to soar." In 1960 Carris took a strange sailplane to Odessa, Texas (SI, Aug. 22, 1960) and finished second in the national championships. Last summer he won the Eastern Open, scoring almost twice as many points as his nearest opponent. He is one of the finest competitive soaring pilots in the world.

The first flight was in a 2-22. The first digit means that this is a two-place sailplane. The 22 means that this is the 22nd sailplane design that the Schweizers have produced. The 2-22 is not very handsome. Most sailplanes are lovely, delicate creatures, all grace and curves and smooth skin, like pretty girls on a picnic. The 2-22 looks more like one of the ants. It has a high wing and external struts and the fuselage is angular and chunky. It does not go very fast. But it is simple and safe and sturdy and not unhand-some in a functional way. We looked it over to see that everything was attached, and climbed in.

The cockpit of a sailplane is so bare that you think you have crawled into someone's bathtub by mistake. There is

continued



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a stick, of course, and rudder pedals. There is an altimeter, a bank indicator (a ball but no needle), a rate of climb and a variometer, which shows, by means of two small pellets in parallel tubes, whether the airplane is rising or sinking in the air. There is the spoiler control handle, which also activates the brake, and a tow-hook release knob. That is all. No radio equipment, no oxygen gear, not even a throttle. I was thinking about the throttle when the towplane took off.

The 2-22 bumped gently along for a few feet and hopped into the air. Carris held it low to the ground until the towplane, a Piper Super Cub, became airborne, too. Then he reached forward from the rear seat and tapped me on the shoulder. "You've got it," said Carris, who does not waste much time. "Just keep the wings of the towplane on the horizon."

There was a slight haze hanging across the field that morning, and I had some trouble finding the horizon. I had trouble finding the towplane, too, since it kept disappearing beneath my nose. The tow pilot seemed to be very erratic.

"You're too high," said Carris. "It's hard for him to climb when you're pulling his tail up." This made sense, so I pushed forward on the stick. The towplane reappeared—and so did the towrope, with a huge sag in the middle of the line. As soon as I leveled off, the towplane took up the slack with a jerk. My head bounced like a punching bag. The towline, 200 feet of quarter-inch Manila, began to look like embroidery thread.

"Do towropes ever break?" I asked. "Not often," said Carris. "About a dozen a year. There's no danger. At altitude you soar if you can find some lift, or else you make a normal landing somewhere. If a break occurs on takeoff, you land on the airport, straight ahead. If you've run out of airport, you turn back and land downward. I know," he grinned, "that's suicide in an airplane. But no airplane has the maneuverability of these things. And you can land so short that a downwind landing is perfectly safe."

As we jerked along, up past 1,000 feet, Carris explained how to keep slack out of the towrope. "The main thing," he said, "is not to get too high."

He forgot to mention that you could also get too low. I was about to ask him why the towplane was suddenly moving so high up when there was a terrific yank at the stick, the right wing dropped, we buffeted about the sky—and then all was quiet, the towplane far above us now.

"Slipstream?" I asked meekly.

"This position," said Carris very quietly. "I called low tow. I was going to demonstrate it later, but so long as we're down here. . . . Well, there is an easier way of reaching this spot. First you move out to one side of the towplane, away from the slipstream. Next you push over, gently, until you are well below, then slide across into position underneath. It's a good tow position. Very comfortable, with good visibility of the towplane. The reason we don't use it more often is that in case the towrope breaks when you're down here it sometimes comes back through the windshield." I went back to high tow, evading most of the slipstream.

The air was very bumpy, and I realized that I wasn't helping any with a deathlike grip on the stick. As any pilot knows, the secret is to relax. "Relax," I told myself. It didn't work very well. "Let your lower jaw go limp," I told myself. I let my lower jaw go limp. We hit a bump, and I bit my tongue. I must have said something, forgetting that two men can converse in reasonably normal tones in the cockpit of a sailplane. "O.K.," said Carris, "I'll take it for a while."

I sat back and looked around, relaxing at last. What a lot of poetic nonsense, I thought, had been written about soaring. I didn't feel like a bird at all, gliding effortlessly on silent wings across a cloud-sprinkled sky, detached in body and soul from the grubby earth below. We weren't even detached from the tow plane yet, and this had been damned hard work. Maybe it was a silent movie compared to flying a power plane but not so silent as all that. The wind whistled around the canopy much as it would in a convertible driving down the highway at 60 miles an hour, and the wings rattled when we hit a bump. As for the ground, it didn't look so grubby to me. I wouldn't have objected to being down there right now. Then Carris pulled the release knob, and I began to see what the poets meant.

The towplane dove away, and we

continued



Tow pilot-instructor James Carris demonstrates to puzzled student Terrell an intricacy of the art.

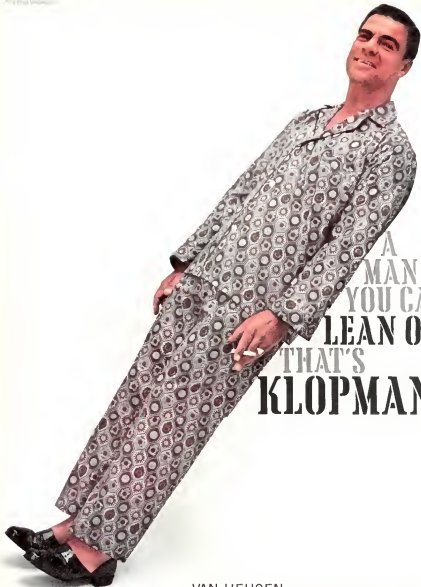
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Soaring *continued*

wheeled off in a great circle, alone in the sky. Without the encumbering necessity of the towrope, the sailplane felt lighter, somehow, as if it belonged up there, as if gravity no longer applied and there was no real reason why we should ever come down. With the growl of the towplane gone and the air speed down to 40 miles an hour, it was quiet. A diesel engine pulling a string of boxcars on the Erie tracks 4,000 feet below honked at a crossing; I had never heard locomotives while flying at 4,000 feet before. I grinned and looked over my shoulder at Carris, who grinned back.

"You've got it," he said.

I did some turns, then some tighter turns. The little sailplane responded beautifully to all its controls; with its light wing loading, it had a turning radius not much larger than a sea gull's. I tried some stalls, and I got the feel of the spoilers. For 10 minutes I swung through the air like a porpoise in the sea. Then I looked at the altimeter and noticed that we had lost less than 1,000 feet. "You've been getting some lift somewhere," said Carris. "There are no thermals up here today. I think we're running into a wave. Let me see if I can find it."

A wave is a rarity at Elmira. They occur most frequently in areas where strong winds blow across the mountains, and the best example in America, one of the best in the world, is on the lee side of the Sierra. There the Pacific winds blow across the high peaks and are sucked down behind. When they hit the ground they bounce back up to tremendous heights. The world altitude record for sailplanes, set by Paul Bickle last February in the Bishop Wave, using oxygen, is 46,267 feet, which is about as high as man dares fly without pressurization. No such gigantic wave as this ever occurs around Elmira, of course, where the hills rise only a few hundred feet above the valley floor, but on the right day, with the right wind conditions, there are waves. We found one that day and rode it up to 6,500 feet. This surpassed the American altitude record of 1934.

There is no physical evidence of a wave's existence, but the sailplane has

instruments to define its boundaries. When we were in the wave the little green pellet on the "up" side of the variometer bubbled at the 400- or 500- or 600-feet-a-minute mark. When we ran out of the wave the red pellet on the "down" side would move up to 200 or 300 feet a minute, which is the normal sinking rate of the 2-22. Then we would turn the sailplane back into the wave, and soar again.

Eventually Carris said: "Let's go down." Since we were almost over the airport, he opened the spoilers to brake our descent, and pointed the nose down. In a few minutes we were on the ground. I realized then that my legs were cramped and that I had forgotten to loosen my safety belt or shoulder harness for comfort while in the air. We had flown 32 minutes after release. It seemed like a long time.

We went back up, to 2,500 feet, and I made a landing. As I turned onto the final approach, Carris said: "Open your spoilers. You're way too high." So I jerked them back, and we came down like a rock. We hit like one, too, but

after one bounce the sailplane stayed on the ground. It ran about six feet and stopped, with a small of burned rubber. "You had the spoiler handle back all the way," said Carris. "Your brakes were on when you touched down. It isn't necessary to stop quite that short. O.K., let's go try again."

The third flight was over the ridge on Harris Hill. The wind had moved around to the northwest, and we found it blowing up the hill from the valley. At least Carris found it. From a release altitude of only 1,000 feet we soared for 35 minutes. He would get us up to 2,500 feet, which was about as high as the ridge current ran that morning, then turn the sailplane over to me, and I would lose the altitude he had gained. Sometimes, sinking, I would pass one of the broad-winged hawks that soar so snugly along Harris Hill, and it would wheel gracefully out of the way, wearing a sneer. "The secret," said Carris, "is to stay away from the ridge, 50 or 100 yards, on the valley side. Not over the ridge itself. Watch the hawks."

On our fourth flight we looked for

continued



Climbing out of field after takeoff, a Schweizer 2-22 trails at end of 200-foot towrope.

Ralph Guglielmi wears the Donegal "Highlander" Shirt made with that colorful fiber by Courtaulds



Soaring

thermals and found nothing. I was doing all the flying now. My tow technique had smoothed out: my landings began to look less like a rubber ball. And then after our fourth landing a strange thing happened. Carns climbed out of the sailplane.

"O.K.," he said. "It's yours."

I was 500 feet in the air before I realized that this was my sailplane solo. Carns had told me to release at 2,000 feet, but I didn't dare. I was 4,000 before I worked up the courage to pull the knob, and Erwin Jones, the tow pilot, later told me he was beginning to wonder if I was ever going to let go. And then I was by myself in the sky and reeling like any novice on his first solo. I was alive with joy, lightheaded with the exhilaration of freedom, of detachment. There was no one to tell me what to do or how I should do it. I was the boss. I could shout. I could sing. I could soar on silent wings all over the dad-blamed place and never come down unless I felt like it. Only I came down right away.

I looked for the wave. I couldn't find it. I looked for a thermal, frantically. No thermals. I headed for the ridge in desperation. There was no ridge wind for me. The little red pellet hung there unexorably, pulling me down at 200, 300, 400 feet a minute. I looked at the altimeter: 1,000 feet. And I remembered what Tony Doherty had said about farmers' fields. I turned for the airport and just made it.

I sat there in the cockpit, waiting for someone to come help pull the sailplane 200 yards farther up the field, where it should have been. I hated to look at Carns and Jones when they came trotting up.

"Congratulations," said Jones, "but what are you doing back so soon?"

"Let's have lunch," said Carns. "Maybe this afternoon you can find some lift."

That afternoon I found some lift. From a release point of 3,000 feet I soared for one hour 39 minutes. The wave had departed by then, and this was a day that was never to produce a thermal, but I found the ridge wind, finally, all by myself.





It wasn't easy. I had plenty of altitude, enough to fly up and down the truck, repeatedly, over which Carnis and I had soared that morning with such success. Once in a while the little green pellet would jump up and hang there, and I would gain a few hundred feet. But I always lost whatever mysterious gust had sent me aloft, and I would descend. I flew away from the ridge, I flew stop it. I crisscrossed back and forth. I hoped some magic road sign would appear in the sky. But nothing happened. I sank and I sank, slowly and gracefully but surely, toward the ground. I was down to 1,200 feet and resigned to returning home when it happened.

I felt a boost, a strong boost, under the wings of the plane. The vanometer leaped up, to 800 feet a minute, and my altimeter began to whirl, to 1,500 feet, to 3,000, to 3,500, finally to 4,000 feet, far above the point where I had released. For the first time I was really soaring. There must have been a silly grin on my face: there would be a silly grin if I were to experience it again today.

For this is the thrill of soaring. Discovering that you can climb into the sky without a motor and stay there. With only your own skill and knowledge and the slender wings of the fine little aircraft which carries you, sailing along over the patterns of the earth below, across the contours of the valleys and the hills, on and on and on. I realized then why people write poetic nonsense about soaring—and why it is not really such nonsense after all.

I flew up and down that ridge for more than an hour. Daring, I ventured away and then turned back, confident that I could find the ridge wind again—and I always did. I looked for the hawks so that I could smear back. I saw another sailplane below, and I rocked my wings in comradeship. I was having fun.

I returned to the airport only because I wanted to. I had been up that day for almost four hours, and I couldn't sit anymore. I was stiff when I climbed out of the plane—and a little proud. Carnis grinned. "I thought we were going to have to come out there," he said, "and shoot you down."

I spent seven days in Elmira and, except for Friday when it rained, I soared every day. Most of my flight time was in

continued



Games of a Lifetime by Ralph Guglielmi St. Louis Cardinals star

I've played in some exciting games, pro and college. My best so far was last October against the Giants—with the score 24-10 and 2½ minutes to go, we passed for a touchdown, retained possession with an onside kick. We completed 4 passes in a row, tied up the score with 12 seconds left! But if I could pick any game ever played, here are some I wish I'd been around to see—

1913, Notre Dame and Rockne surprising Army 35-13 with the first forward passing attack. 1925, the Four Horsemen frowning Stanford 27-10 in the Rose Bowl. Or that time almost 100 years ago when Rutgers beat Princeton—in shirt sleeves, using a round football—the beginning of college football.

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Soaring a continued

the 1-26, a lovely little sailplane more sensitive, more responsive than the 2-22. I learned how to direct a towplane without radio communication by sliding far out to one side on the rope and pulling the towplane's nose around in the direction I wanted to go. I learned that by proper use of the spoilers and by side-slipping I could land a sailplane on a dime. In the seven days I learned a great deal about thermals, for this is the way a man can always soar, where there are no ridges, where there are no waves. When warm air rises in the sky and cools to the condensation point, cumulus clouds are formed, so it is wise for a sailplane pilot to look for cumulus clouds. It is the round, firm cumulus that you seek, for then the cloud is still forming, the cumulus is disappearing when it begins to send out telltale wisps and shreds, and no lift is to be found there. Some days, when the vapor content of the air is too low, there are no clouds, even though thermals exist. Then you search for light ground areas, plowed fields, where thermals like to form.

I learned that a thermal is cone-like in shape, narrow near the ground, increasing in diameter as it rises, and that a good sailplane pilot circles tightly inside, like a soaring buzzard. Thermals move with the wind, and one that starts here may culminate in a cloud over there, downwind, two or three or five miles away. I learned that you stay with a good thermal, which may register 1,000 or 1,200 feet a minute on your variometer, until the rate of ascent drops down to 300 or 400 feet, then you leave it and look for another. Unless you are desperate, when 200 feet a minute, 100 feet a minute, anything will do. Especially in flying cross-country. Carris and I flew cross-country to Endicott one day, and I was desperate most of the time.

We flew the 2-25, a famous old two-place competitive sailplane that the Schweizers built for experimental purposes in 1954. It has been in soaring contests all over the world, and once it held the two-place altitude record of 44,000 feet. It is a beautiful thing, so large that it dwarfs most sailplanes, but as maneuverable as a butterfly. The Schweizers had painted it recently, a

gleaming aqua and white, and they rolled it out of the hangar on a Saturday morning and turned it over to Carris and me.

The thermals were light that morning, and there was a strong wind from the northwest. But we picked up a little lift over the ridge and then we headed into the wind, toward Corning, and we found a light thermal or two to keep us going. Then the lift ran out, and we sank to 800 feet.

"I guess we're going to have to land," said Carris, who has done this a thousand times. "See if you can reach that little airport over there beyond that hill." So I turned—and ran through a thermal. I turned back to get into it and evidently turned the wrong way, like a drunk looking for his hat. This happens frequently, and the only thing to do is try to find the thermal again by turning in the opposite direction. When I did we hit it and went up to 3,000 feet.

"Good," said Carris. "This wind is pretty strong. We'd better get back toward the airport. I think we have enough altitude now."

Just before we got to the field, we found another thermal, a good one, and we circled and circled up to 4,500 feet. "Well," said Carris, "what do you know. We might as well go on for a while. Try it downwind this time. Over there." And he pointed to the southwest.

We found another thermal at 1,500 feet just west of Waverly, where Route 17 almost dips into Pennsylvania, and another, a very weak one, east of town, to keep us going. But then, south of Owego, we couldn't find anything. We hit one bad sink area that dropped us remorselessly 1,000 feet in two minutes, and soon we were down to 1,500 feet, without a sign of a cloud. We went down to 1,200 feet, to 1,000—and Carris began to look for a field. Then, at 600 feet, with some of the neighboring hills already above us, we found a wind blowing up a little ridge. We arose, briefly, and then the ridge current ran into a thermal. Up we went, like a kite, to 4,000 wonderful feet. I wondered if Carris was poisoning too.

We crossed over the Tri-Cities Airport, and we still had 3,000 feet. Carris looked at his watch. It was after one o'clock. "In five minutes," he said, "we'll have

been up for three hours. There must be a restaurant somewhere down there. What do you say?"

That was about all of the cross-country. We landed and called back to Elmina to tell them where to send the towplane. We ate lunch and explained to an endless horde of weekend power pilots how the 2-25 got into the air and what made it stay there and why. Some of them were fascinated, some of them looked at us and shook their heads.

On Sunday, just before I left, Paul Schweizer had them roll out a 1-23. This is one of the famous mass-production competition sailplanes, which have performed with great distinction against even the custom-built American and foreign sailplanes of the world. "This isn't ordinarily part of the course," he said, "but we thought maybe you might like to fly the 1-23."

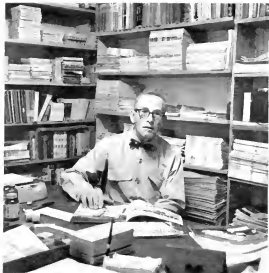
"You won't have any trouble," said Carris, as he locked the canopy. "It's just like the 1-26, only faster."

It was a gloomy day, and there were no thermals, but there was good lift around the edge of the thunderstorms that crossed the valley that morning, and the 1-23 scorned the earth below. We went across the sky over Chemung County Airport like a swallow. We circled Harris Hill, standing on one wing. We flashed down the ridge, scattering hawks behind us. We climbed to 5,000 feet. I did some wingovers and lazy eights. I started to do a loop and changed my mind. "Watch it, boy," I said. "You're not that kind of a pilot anymore." Finally, because I had to catch a flight for home, I took the 1-23 back to the airport, whirled around the field one more time and slid down the sky to a landing like a feather.

Carris, I decided, was a good instructor. More than that, he was a pleasant man to spend a long afternoon with at an airport in Endicott, N.Y. I shook his hand. The Schweizers came out and shook hands, too. Maybe they were only happy to get their nice sailplane back, but they were far too hospitable to mention that.

"Come back," they said. "Anytime."

I haven't yet, but next spring, as soon as the thermals start firming up a little, maybe I will. You can't keep an old sailplane pilot on the ground. **END**



Fast Man with a Sports Fact

Fred Imhof's hobby is sports memorabilia, and his collection is the biggest in the world

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Fred Imhof looks and lives like many another American middle-class male in his early 60s. He is five feet eight inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair and wears glasses. He drives a 1961 Mercury, and he lives in a six-room Cape Cod-style house in a development called Serrano Terrace in San Jose, Calif. He has worked for Libby, McNeill & Libby, the fruit and vegetable packers, for the past 38 years, and at present he is the assistant superintendent of their Sunnyvale plant. But there all resemblance to the norm ends. As

Mrs. Imhof herself once seriously told a reporter, "My husband is crazy." Imhof happily agrees. "Her mother thought that I was absolutely nuts," he says.

Imhof is crazy about sporting books and magazines. He collects them, and it is doubtful if there is a more extensive collection of its kind in existence anywhere. A few years ago when the Imhofs moved to a new house, it took only four hours to move the furniture but two weeks to move the books. In the old house books were all over the place, and the gist was such that Imhof, a man of moderate means, felt compelled to splurge \$4,500 to erect a special building in the backyard of his new place just to handle the main part of the collection. Mrs. Imhof was delighted. Now her husband uses only one of the bedrooms for duplicates and part of the garage for triplicates.

—continued

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Fast Man with a Fact *(continued)*

Unlike such other noted collectors as Bill McMullan of Springfield, Mass., who collects only basketballiana (he has every periodical on the game published since 1900), and Luverne (Lofty) Jorgenson of Laporte City, Iowa, who restricts himself to pugilistic photographs (he has 45,000 of them, 6,000 alone of Joe Louis), Imhof does not specialize in one sport. He collects everything, with the main emphasis on statistics. Two years ago *Sport Fan*, a mimeographed journal cranked out in St. Paul for collectors, asked Imhof to describe his holdings for its eager readers. Imhof gladly obliged, though it took him nearly a year. He began with angling, archery, automobileing, aviation, backgammon, badminton, baseball, basketball, bicycling, billiards, bobsledding, bocce, bowling, bridge, bullfighting, canasta, canoeing, checkers, chess and cock fighting, then paused to ask if any readers were becoming bored. Assured none were, he resumed, this time ripping through his cricket, croquet, curling, dog racing, dog sledding, dogs, dominoes, equestrian, falconry, fencing, field hockey, field trials, football, golf, gymnastics, handball, harness racing, horse racing, horseshoe pitching, hunting, hurling, ice hockey, ice skating, jai alai, jujitsu, lacrosse, lawn sports, log buckling, log rolling, mah-jongg, marathons, marble shooting, miscellaneous, motorboating, motorcycling, mountain climbing, Olympic Games, pigeon flying, ping-pong, pinocle, poker, queries, racquets, railroad-train speeding, rodeos, roller polo, roller skating, rope skipping, roque, rowing, Rugby, rummy, Russian bank, shooting, skeet shooting, skiing, snowshoeing, soapbox derbying, soccer, softball, solitaire, squash racquets, squash tennis, surfboard pudding, swimming, tennis, track and field, trapshooting, tug of war, volleyball, water polo, water skiing, weight lifting, wrestling and yachting collections—with hardly a pause for breath. As a final touch he wound up the last article by confiding that he had omitted a number of minor sports, ranging from aquaplaning to yo-yoing, for the sake of brevity.

As a child Imhof gave no forewarning of his mania. He was born in Paterson, N. J. on March 16, 1900, the son of a Swiss cabinetmaker and a German mother. When he was 2 the family moved to Brooklyn. He lived there until he was 16. Then he ran away from home to escape

his father's old-world discipline and hid out in New England until he was old enough to enlist in the Army. He was sent to Hawaii and became a sergeant in the artillery. "I was crazy about the Army," he says. "Everybody liked me, and I liked everybody." He was planning to make it a career, but he met his wife-to-be while he was on leave in California, so he quit and went to work for Libby as an asparagus plant.

Imhof's rise at Libby has been unspectacular but solid. From asparagus he moved to peaches, then back to asparagus. From there he went to olives and then to tomatoes and fruit cocktail before entering the spacious world of warehousing. While toiling in tomatoes he became smitten with collecting. "The fellows in the cannery were making 10c bets on fights," he says, "so I started keeping records of the boxers so I could handicap them better. I had varying measures of success. It wasn't the dime, but the fact that I wanted to win. And, with my love for track, I started keeping records there, and little by little I started. I found a book on this, and I found a book on that."

Cornerstone of the collection

The first book Imhof ever bought was *Spalding's Official Baseball Guide*. Now he has a run of the guides back to 1882. He picked up many of them for a dollar or two, a bargain when one considers that he has been offered \$2,000 for the lot. His football guides go back to 1894. His tennis guides date from 1892, and the basketball run starts with 1902.

In addition, Imhof literally has boxes of other material. He has complete runs of the *American Chess Bulletin* (1904 on), *Motor Boating* (1907 on) and *Yachting* (1907 on). He also has runs of *The Sporting News* (1905 on), *Field & Stream* (1911) and *The American Rifleman* (1921). He has six complete runs of *SNIPER'S ILLUSTRATED*. (Two are for his use, the others for swapping.) Just in case he's missed anything, he keeps a complete run of *The World Almanac* (1885) on hand. To keep posted on sports, he subscribes to 87 magazines, ranging from *Hoof Beats* to the *International Valley Ball Review* to *Western Knevel World*. He has the *San Francisco Chronicle* sporting green section from 1932 on (every damn day of it), and, of course, one should not overlook the 16,000 college football programs he has stashed away. All told, Imhof has "about 88,000" magazines and books in his collection.

It is insured for \$40,000, but knowing friends believe it is worth substantially more.

Imhof prides himself that his is a "working" collection. He spends six to eight hours a day working up new facts and figures for his gigantic cross-filing system. For example, he has, among other things, compiled the number of games, at bats, runs, hits, stolen bases, batting average, putouts, assists and errors for every major league player from 1887 on. In his files he also has the name, position and year of every player who ever lettered in college football anytime at some 400-odd colleges. At present he is compiling the complete records of every college track-and-field competitor, and when he's through with that he plans to do much the same for every horse that ever ran in what he considers to be the country's 200 or 300 major stakes races.

But there is more to Imhof's files than the bare bones of statistics. There is the flesh of fact. If, for instance, one should just happen to want to know the world's record for, oh, say, picking cantaloupes, well, Imhof can supply that with the flick of an index card. The answer: 34 crates in 20 minutes, a feat accomplished by one Ivan Thompson of Brawley, Calif., in 1952. A couple of weeks ago a staff writer for the *Chronicle* was baffled when a reader asked how many strikes had been called in Don Larsen's perfect World Series game. The writer fumbled around hopelessly for the answer until he chanced to call Imhof, who had the answer at once: there were 19 called strikes.

Imhof, who has a question-and-answer column of his own in the *San Jose Mercury*, had a radio show several years ago that was a failure because he was so successful. A cigarette lighter manufacturer sponsored the program, a question-and-answer show, and Imhof was supposed to give a lighter to each listener who stumped him. Thirteen weeks went by, and not one lighter was given away. Fearful of bad public relations, the sponsor hinted that it might be best if Imhof missed every now and then. Imhof compromised to the extent of giving away lighters on unanswerable questions ("Would Jack Dempsey have beaten Joe Louis?"), but it was too late to salvage the program.

From time to time Imhof dreams of doing a book. Several years ago he suggested to a publisher that he bring out a book giving a complete play-by-play account of every World Series game.

(continues)



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Fast Man with a Fact by David Wood

After some dickering Imhof huffily decided against it. "I wanted to write, 'Greenberg hit to left, advancing Gehring to second,'" he explains, "but that was too dry. That's history, but that was too dry. They wanted this stuff that Russ Hodges gives you on the radio, 'Willie Mays runs back against the fence and makes the most monumental catch you ever saw!' That's what they wanted. But I didn't want any deal like that."

Much of Imhof's time is spent corresponding with more than 400 collectors around the country. It is not unusual for him to spend as much as three hours a day just reading his incoming mail. Each fall when the canning season ends, Imhof takes a month's tour of the state to poke around bookstores for out-of-the-way volumes. Mrs. Imhof goes along and dutifully stays by the car feeding neckties and dimes into parking meters. To make sure that the doesn't run out of coins, Imhof thoughtfully keeps a sackful of them hanging from a hook in the back seat. If this might sound as though Imhof is unnecessarily hard on his wife, well, it just isn't so. For example, he doesn't begrudge her a thing for the house—as long as it has a sporting connection. "I like to buy things from people in sports," he says. "When my wife told me she wanted some new drapes for the house, I said, 'O.K., as long as you get them from Don Silva.' He's a former Pacific Coast League and American Association umpire. When I decided to build this house, the first two bids I let were to two former boxers. The backyard house was built by Joe Rondon, a former lightweight. We get Marin-Dell milk because Sal Taormina, an old Seal outfielder, works for them."

As if to underline his love for sports, Imhof is always willing to answer any question about sports from home. He doesn't mind if the call comes through at three in the morning. (Try it. The number is ALpine 2-7039.) The question he is most often asked is: why didn't Schmeling get the heavyweight title when he knocked out Louis? And the simple answer is that Louis wasn't the titleholder at the time. Biadlock was.

The collection itself is open to anyone who wishes to consult it. Imhof welcomes visitors. "Anyone can come any time and enjoy it with me," he says. "The only thing is I wish I knew who was the bastard who took my 1942 *River Record Book*."

END



Deer Hunting with bow & arrow—Photo by Mark Shaw

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UNMASKED POWER

Sirs:

Tex Maule's article on line play was fantastic (*Pro Football Report*, Oct. 23). The diagrams and drawings were great, the descriptions were clear.

ALAN SAMALIN

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

No one would dispute the fact that Bobby Layne is "one of professional football's finest quarterbacks." You are mistaken, however, in asserting that he is also "its only maskless player." Jess Richardson of the Philadelphia Eagles shares that distinction.

BILL BUTLER

West Chester, Pa.

Sirs:

I was surprised not to see Paul Hornung's picture among those of your five stars.

LEE D. BUCH

Quincy, Ill.

CUP CAKES

Sirs:

Congratulations on William McHale's magnificent tennis article (*A Cup That Gog Awaits*, Oct. 23).

Instead of belittling the U.S. team and its captain as you have sometimes done in the past, you stuck to the facts with wit, humor and common sense.

WILLIAM S. KILLOGG

La Jolla, Calif.

Sirs:

I hope that you will give us more of these positive stories, rather than the inaccurate, negative ones that we have been getting recently.

DAVID L. FRIED

Captain, U.S. Davis Cup Team
Salt Lake City

THUNDER AND DANDER

Sirs:

My Nebraska dander is up. You named Ernie Davis "Back of the Week" (Oct. 23). I would be one of the first to admit the ability of Mr. Davis, but Ernie ran only 120 yards against Nebraska. Nebraska's Bill Thornton (you called him "the man with the unlikely name of Thunder Thornton") ran 133 yards. Davis carried for an average close to six yards per carry. Thornton's average was almost nine yards.

SANDY SCHUBERT

Lincoln, Neb.

Sirs:

Nebraska's Halfback Thunder Thornton is not an All-America, did not break anyone's scoring record, does not play on a team such as Syracuse and did not score his 26th and 27th touchdowns, but he clearly outplayed Syracuse's Davis.

MICHAEL G. MACLEAN

Lincoln, Neb.

"MOO"

Sirs:

Your piece on the Michigan-Michigan State game (*No 'Moos' for Michigan State*, Oct. 23) omitted several pertinent facts. One is that the 1961 Michigan team has lost no less than seven varsity guards up to now. Further, a school fields a team of boys who presumably have passed its admission requirements. There are fine athletes on the MSU squad who originally wanted to go to Michigan but who couldn't make it academically.

STANDING PAT

Sirs:

Here is a picture of Debbie Lee, 14, recent winner of the Macabiah Games 100-meter freestyle swim in 1:06.4. In case you've forgotten, Debbie was one of your very first PATS ON THE BACK (Dec. 6, 1954).

ARI ROSENBAUM

San Francisco



DEBBIE LEE

ically. This situation gives MSU Coach Duffy Daugherty a real edge—and he improves his lot by luring transfers from Notre Dame (which he has termed his "farm club").

MSU's "loveliest rolling farmland" is in reality an exurban area whose population is several times that of "city-bound" Ann Arbor. Michigan certainly does have some "architectural eyesores"—but what mature college lacks such!

MSU played heads-up ball and won properly. But most Michigan alumni prefer the university's lofty academic rank to Silo Tech's "handsome modern campus" and four-deep football squads.

"Moo-oo-ooo!"

WHIT HILLIAR

Evansville, Ill.

Sirs:

Your article is snide and incoherent. If your reporter didn't hear us moo at MSU at the end of the game, it's because he had his ears closed as well as his eyes.

RALPH HUMPHRIES

BOB COOPER

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

It would appear that Alfred Wright either:
1) graduated from Michigan State, or
2) flunked out of Michigan, or
3) like many others, picked Michigan to win and became emotionally involved in the outcome of the game.

GERALD L. VANDER WAEL, D.D.S.
Grand Rapids

Sirs:

Thank you for a fine article on a great game.

HARRY FINSTER

East Lansing, Mich.

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DR. VICTOR REINDERS

Twelve tons of shot

More and more the sport of trapshooting is becoming a kid's game, with most of its champions in their teens (SI, Aug. 14). But Dr. Victor Reinders of Waukesha, Wis., is a man who cares little for trends. During 30 years of trapshooting, this 54-year-old teacher has captured the Wisconsin state championship 14 times, the national doubles championship twice and the Grand American high overall event three times. And, using the same old 12-gauge shotgun, he has pumped

out more than 12 tons of shot and cracked 98,000 out of the 100,000 clay pigeons that he has fired at—a career average no other shooter has ever matched.

Dr. Reinders, an astigmatic chemistry professor at the University of Wisconsin (Milwaukee), admits the younger generation of shooters is pressing him hard, but he doesn't mind too much. "The kids just don't know enough to miss," he says. "Nobody has told these youngsters trapshooting is really difficult."

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